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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor in this Number

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Chapter XX

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy
Chapter XXVI

An Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons
No. 5

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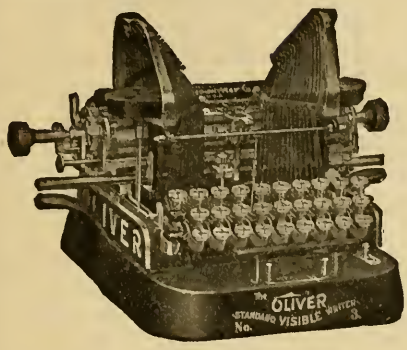

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And the Sixty-second Congress has adjourned, leaving the burden untouched

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XX.

THE most illuminating study of the early history of Maryland is that contributed to The American Historical Association by Prof. Alfred Pearce Dennis, Ph. D. of Smith College.

The title of the paper is "Lord Baltimore's Struggle with the Jesuits—" a title which of itself suggests that our common histories of Maryland have left much untold.

Prof. Dennis discards the opinion that Lord Baltimore's intention was to found an asylum for the Roman Catholics. "The purpose of the Calverts * * was chiefly economic and not religious."

Avalon, in Newfoundland having proved unprofitable, Calvert sought a more promising field. He knew that he could not succeed without the aid of Protestants "but was wise enough to understand that Protestants would not embark in the enterprise unless religious freedom was guaranteed by the proprietary; and that Protestant England with a Parliament of puritan temper would not for an instant tolerate the erection of a distinctly Roman Catholic government within the bounds of her territorial jurisdiction."

This seems to me an eminently correct statement of the case.

Prof. Dennis proceeds to describe the conditions that soon arose because of the stealthy manner in which the Jesuits began to acquire large tracts of Indian lands within Lord Baltimore's palatinate, and also because of the defiant attitude assumed by the Jesuits as to the supremacy of the temporal power.

Thoroughly alarmed and incensed by the "very extravagant privileges" of these priests and by their accumulation of property, Lord Baltimore gave his brother the most positive orders to humble the Society which claimed exemption from the jurisdiction of the lay courts, and spiritual independence as against the authority of the proprietary.

Lord Baltimore instructs his brother, the Governor, "to pass no more grants of land to the Jesuits under any pretense whatever."

(Calvert Papers, 1. p. 219.)

"As early as 1638, penalties were denounced against the acceptance of Indian lands for the use of any other than the lord proprietor; and the Romish clergy were also spiritually quarantined by the erection of fourteenth century barriers of Premunire.

"Not only was Premunire reenacted in the Western world, but a score of years of colonization had not elapsed before the English stat-

utes of Mortmain * * were incorporated as a part of the fundamental laws of Maryland Province.

"Special stress was laid by the lord proprietor on the clauses against Uses and Secret trusts, the doctrine of Uses 'being an invention of ecclesiastical ingenuity to creep out of the prohibition of mortmain.' "

(Maryland Archives 1. pp. 244, 264. Calvert Papers 1. pp. 164, 192, 213, 219.)

For the benefit of the average reader, I will explain that the English statutes of Premunire were made for the purpose of checking papal encroachments on the royal prerogatives.

The statutes on Mortmain were intended to prevent the priests from taking advantage of dying people, to the impoverishment of lawful heirs and to the enrichment of the Romish Societies.

It is now unlawful in England for any person to make a death-bed bequest to any church, charity, or benevolent association.

Under the act of Parliament passed during the reign of George II. all such wills and deeds must be executed twelve months before the death of the person making them, and the paper must be officially recorded six months before the death of said person.

Such a law is badly needed in these United States, where the priests, like vultures, gather about the dying, and use every art to persuade or to frighten the poor wretch to make a will in favor of some Romanist institution.

By Uses is meant the cunning device by which the priests evaded the Mortmain statutes. They procured the conveyance of property, not to themselves, but to some one else who would have to hold it for their use. (A familiar form is the Trust estate of today.)

Prof. Dennis shows that the famous Statute of religious toleration was one of a Code of sixteen laws sent over by Lord Baltimore. They were to be employed as an effective weapon of offense and defense against the Jesuits.

After considerable delay the entire code was adopted by the Maryland assembly in the year 1649.

(Maryland Archives. Assembly Proceedings, 1. pp. 264, 265, 270.)

In the same year, Lord Baltimore sent over new regulations for the management of his plantations, *and he deliberately set up a Protestant government.*

"These measures," says Prof. Dennis, "were parts of a triple scheme to defeat the Jesuits and abase the opposition—

(1) The appointment of a Protestant, Stone, to be Governor,

(2) Restrictive conditions as to Jesuit land-owning, and

(3) The encouragement of Protestant immigration by setting up that kind of government, under guarantees of religious toleration."

That Father Copley and Father More and all the rest of the Jesuits raged and railed at Lord Baltimore, you can well imagine. He was threatened with excommunication and the issuance of portentious bulls.

But they themselves said that he "laughs at bulls and excommunications." Whether he indulged in merriment over Jesuit threats, I do not know, but the record proves

that, to the day of his death, he maintained his ground against papal encroachments and braved the wrath of Rome.

It is a fact that within less than a dozen years after the Protestant government was established, the Romanists were disfranchised.

They themselves had provoked this act of retaliation. The conduct of Charles Carroll, Baltimore's agent, had been insufferably arrogant and usurpatory. He defied and insulted both the Assembly and the Governor. He encouraged his kinsman and co-religionist, McNamara—a leading lawyer and clerk to the Assembly—to act most seditiously and contemptuously toward Governor Hart. Romanist members, summoned to attend the Assembly, refused to come. The attitude of the entire faction, led by Carroll, was fatal to orderly government—amounting to the setting up of one authority within another.

Such a condition called for some drastic remedy. That this insubordinate and factious minority was merely denied the voting *privilege,* is really a proof of the moderation of the majority.

Our historians, however, have taken a different view of the matter. With one accord they hang their heads and blush with shame at this "taint" on Maryland's record.

Before we condemn too harshly the Protestants of Maryland, let us take a glance at some of the countries where the Romanists were then in full control. Let us see how the Protestant minority fared at the hands of the papal majority.

While the majority of the people of Maryland took to themselves, for a few years, the exclusive political control of the province, no Romanist was disturbed in the enjoyment of life, liberty and prosperity. He was not denied freedom of conscience, of speech and of press.

Let us see how the Romanist majority in France was treating the Protestant minority.

I quote from Guizot's History, Volume IV., Chapter XLVII:

"The dragoons took up their quarters in peaceable families, running the more well-to-do, maltreating old men, women and children, striking them with their sticks or the flat of their swords, hauling off Protestants in the churches by the hair of their heads, harnessing laborers to their own plows and goading them like oxen. Conversions became numerous in Poitou. Those who could fly left France, at the risk of being hanged if the attempt happened to fail. 'Pray lay out advantageously the money you are going to have,' wrote Madame de Maintenon to her brother, M. d'Aubigné: 'land in Poitou is to be had for nothing, and the desoation amongst the Protestants will cause more sales still. You may easily settle in grand style in that province.' 'We are treated like enemies of the Christian denomination," wrote, in 1662, a minister named Jurieu, already a refugee in Holland. 'We are forbidden to go near the children that come into the world, we are banished from the bars and the faculties; we are forbidden the use of all the means which might save us from hunger, we are abandoned to the hatred of the mob, we are deprived of that precious liberty

which we purchased with so many services; we are robbed of our children, who are a part of ourselves. . . . Are we Turks? Are we infidels? We believe in Jesus Christ, *we* do; we believe Him to be the Eternal Son of God, the Redeemer of the world; the maxims of our morality are of so great purity that none dare gainsay them; we respect the king, we are good subjects, good citizens; we are Frenchmen as much as we are reformed Christians.'

"The misfortunes were redoubling. From Poitou the persecution had extended through all the provinces. Superintendent Foucauld obtained the conversion in mass of the province of Béarn. 'He egged on the soldiers to torture the inhabitants of the houses they were quartered in, commanding them to keep awake all those who would not give in to other tortures. The dragoons relieved one another so as not to succumb themselves to the punishment they were making others undergo. Beating of drums, blasphemies, shouts, the crash of furniture which they hurled from side to side, commotion in which they kept these poor people in order to force them to be on their feet and hold their eyes open, were the means they employed to deprive them of rest. To pinch, prick, and haul them about, to lay them upon burning coals, and a hundred other cruelties were the sport of these butchers; all they thought most about was how to find tortures which should be painful without being deadly, reducing their hosts thereby to such a state that they knew not what they were doing and promised anything that was wanted of them in order to escape from those barbarous hands.' Languedoc, Guienne, Angoumois, Saintonge, all the provinces in which the reformers were numerous, underwent the same fate. The self-restraining character of the Norman people, their respect for law were manifested even amidst persecution; the children were torn away from Protestant families and the chapels were demolished by act of parliament; the soldiery were less violent than elsewhere, but the magistrates were more inveterate.

"Dauphiny and Languedoc were given up to the soldiery; murder was no longer forbidden them, it was merely punishing rebels; several pastors were sentenced to death; Homel, minister of Soyon in the Vivarais, seventy-five years of age, was broken alive on the wheel. Abjurations multiplied through terror. 'There have been sixty thousand conversions in the jurisdiction of Bordeaux and twenty thousand in that of Montauban,' wrote Louvois to his father in the first part of September, 1685: 'the rapidity with which this goes on is such that, before the end of the month, there will not remain ten thousand religionists in the district of Bordeaux, in which there were a hundred and fifty thousand on the 15th of last month.' "

Let us see how the Protestants were treated by a Romanist King, Louis XIV., in the year 1684, the scene being laid in France.

I quote from "The old Cevenol," page 31:

"The decree is dated January 12, 1686. Was there ever anything more unchristian and more tyrannical than to rob parents of their

children? Fatal method, perpetuated up to our own days since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. All the provinces have been thus desolated, but Poitou, Languedoc, Vivarais, Dauphiny, and especially the diocese of Bayeux in Normandy, furnish recent examples by the thousand. These executions were effected in the most terrible manner and gave rise to the most awful scenes. In order to intensify the horror of these captures, they were usually effected in the night. Without going into detail, it must suffice to give a general idea of these barbarities. I will refer to just one expedition, that of Sieur Houvet, cure of Athis in Normandy, and of his vicars, Verger and Grenier. Imagine these priests, followed by a band of constables, flying from parish to parish, besieging houses under cover of darkness, bursting the doors open with axes, and filling the air with frightful yells calculated to fill the boldest with terror. Imagine their satellites following them, sword in hand and blasphemy in their mouths, overturning and breaking everything in their way until they at length find the object of their search, which is destined to be the cause of many bitter tears. They would pounce upon their prey with the fury of wild beasts, snatching it away without giving time for dressing and regardless of the despairing cries of father and mother. With extreme inhumanity they repel, insult and strike the unhappy father and mother, who, seeing that which they hold as dearest in the world snatched away from them, are emboldened by their despair to make some vain efforts to save these precious objects of their tenderness and keep them from their love. These abductions caused such consternation and aroused such alarm in all the cantons that more than a thousand fled over to England, carrying with them whatever they could carry of their effects and money."

The following note is given respecting the law that transferred the property of a Protestant father to a Catholic child:

"By law dated June 17, 1681, Louis XIV. permitted the abjuration of children of seven years of age. He gave them authority to leave their parents' home and to enter action at law with their father, in order to oblige him to pay the child a pension. The law supposed, therefore, that a child of seven years is competent to choose between two religions which are subjects of dispute between the most learned theologians of Europe. The law permitted a child of seven to withdraw himself from his father's authority. A father ran the risk of losing his child forever if, by some needful severity in correcting his vicious tendencies, he aroused in the soul of the child a momentary spite. It is in such a way that the instigators of these laws disregarded the dictates of natural religion and the promptings of instinct."

From pages 71 and 72, same book:

"I could produce lists of three thousand persons arrested in the provinces since 1744 at their religious meetings. These arrests were made principally in upper and lower Languedoc, the Cevennes,

Vivarais, Dauphiny, Provence, the Comte de Foix, Poitou and Saintonge. Not to mention the common people, one may count more than six hundred private gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, good citizens and rich merchants who endured all that is most onerous of a hard and long captivity, which could be ended only by the payment of fines and contributions that were as ruinous as they were arbitrary. More than a thousand others have been condemned to infamous penalties. In this number there are about a hundred gentlemen of wealth. The parliament of Grenoble alone summoned three hundred persons in 1744, subjecting them to heavy traveling expenses and legal costs. In the month of July, 1746, the same court deputized Sieur Cotte with his marshals and an escort of two hundred soldiers. Wherever they went they subjected people to the worst sufferings on no other evidence than the simple denunciation of the priests. Later on similar visitations were made in Dauphiny, when more than three hundred persons were condemned to death, to the galleys, to be whipped, to the pillory, to banishment, to prison for life or for various periods, to degradation from the nobility or to expenses or pecuniary fines. Fifty-three gentlemen—among them were the Sieurs Bournat, Berger, Bayles, Saint Dizier, Bonnet, Chatillon, Oste, Trescou, Chateau-Double and Saint-Julien—were degraded and six were sent to the galleys.

"In 1745, 1746, 1747, 1750 and 1751, more than three hundred persons, amongst whom were forty gentlemen and two chevaliers de Saint-Louis, were condemned to the galleys for life by the parliament of Bordeaux and by the governors of Auch, Montpellier, Perpignan, Poitiers, Montauban and La Rochelle. Couserans alone furnishes fifty-four examples. Five were even condemned to death in 1746 and 1747. These sentences were pronounced by the governor of Montauban, and the parliaments of Bordeaux and Grenoble."

Let us glance next at England.

From Green's "History of the English People," I take the story of the martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor. Page 248, Vol. 11:

"All the way Dr. Taylor was merry and cheerful as one that accounted himself going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal. . . . Coming within two miles of Hadleigh he desired to light of his horse, which done, he leaped and set a frisk or twain as men commonly do for dancing. 'Why, master Doctor,' quoth the Sheriff, 'how do you now?' He answered, 'Well, God be praised, Master Sheriff, never better; for now I know I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father's house!' . . . The streets of Hadleigh were beset on both sides with men and women of the town and country who waited to see him; whom when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voices, they cried, 'Ah, good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd from us!'" The journey was at last over. " 'What place is this,' he asked, 'and what meaneth it that so much people are gathered together?' It was answered, 'It is Oldham Common,

the place where you must suffer, and the people are come to look upon you.' Then said he, 'Thanked be God, I am even at home!' . . . . But when the people saw his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears and cried, saying, 'God save thee, good Dr. Taylor; God strengthen thee and help thee, the Holy Ghost comfort thee!' He wished, but was not suffered, to speak. When he had prayed, he went to the stake and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch-barrel which they had set for him to stand on, and so stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together and his eyes towards heaven, and so let himself be burned." One of the executioners "cruelly cast a fagot at him, which hit upon his head and brake his face that the blood ran down his visage. Then said Dr. Taylor, 'O friend, I have harm enough—what needed that?' " One more act of brutality brought his sufferings to an end. "So stood he still without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till Soyce with a halberd struck him on the head with that the brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire."

The terror of death was powerless against men like these. Bonner, the Bishop of London, to whom, as bishop of the diocese in which the Council sate, its victims were generally delivered for execution, but who, in spite of the nickname and hatred which his official prominence in the work of death earned him, seems to have been naturally a good-humored and merciful man, asked a youth who was brought before him whether he thought he could bear the fire. The boy at once held his hand without flinching in the flame of a candle that stood by. Rogers, a fellow-worker with Tyndale in the translation of the Bible, and one of the foremost among the Protestant preachers, died bathing his hands in the flame "as if it had been in cold water." Even the commonest lives gleamed for a moment into poetry at the stake. "Pray for me," a boy, William Brown, who had been brought home to Brentwood to suffer, asked of the bystanders. "I will pray no more for thee," one of them replied, "than I will pray for a dog." " 'Then,' said William, 'Son of God, shine upon me;' and immediately the sun in the elements shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused because it was so dark a little time before." Brentwood lay within a district on which the hand of the Queen fell heavier than elsewhere. The persecution was mainly confined to the more active and populous parts of the country, to Kent, Sussex, and the Eastern Counties. Of the two hundred and eighty whom we know to have suffered during the last three years and a half of Mary's reign, more than forty were burned in London, seventeen in the neighboring village of Stratford-le-Bow, four in Islington, two in Southwark, and one each at Barnet, St. Albans, and Ware. Kent, at that time a home of mining and manufacturing industry, suffered as heavily as London. Of its sixty martyrs more than forty were furnished by Can-

terbury, which was then but a city of some few thousand inhabitants, and seven by Maidstone. The remaining eight suffered at Rochester, Ashford, and Dartford. Of the twenty-five who died in Sussex, the little town of Lewes sent seventeen to the fire. Seventy were contributed by the Eastern Counties, the seat of the woollen manufacture. Beyond these districts executions were rare. Westward of Sussex we find the record of but a dozen martyrdoms, six of which were at Bristol, and four at Salisbury. Chester and Wales contributed but four sufferers to the list. In the Midland Counties between Thames and the Humber, only twenty-four suffered martyrdom. North of the Humber we find the names of but two Yorkshire-men burned at Bedale.

To prolong this chapter with descriptions of the burning of Protestants in Spain, their horrible tortures under the Inquisition in Italy and other parts of Europe would not perhaps serve any good purpose.

Dreams and Dreamers

Ralph M. Thomson

Oh, it's not in the thing that a fellow may smoke,
Nor the blend of the brand that he chooses;
It is not in a jar
Of the weed from afar,
Nor the prim cigarette which he uses;
When the shadows grow dim,
And the stars are atrim,
And his soul furls the folds of strife's banner,
There are just as fond hopes in the clay he may stroke,
As there are in a fragrant Havana.

Oh, it's not in the clothes, and it's not in their stripe,
Nor the pride of a man in his breeding;
It is not in the gold
That his fingers may hold,
Nor the depth of his classical reading;—
When the logs are aglow,
The tobacco burns low,
And his heart woos him on to aspire,
There are just as sweet dreams in an old corn-cob pipe,
As there are in the bowl of a briar.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XXVI.

THROUGH her theological works, the Roman Catholic Church requires every priest to examine himself as follows:

"While hearing confessions, have I not asked questions against the Seventh Commandment, with the intention of satisfying my evil intentions?"

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," is the commandment referred to; and the question which the priest is required to ask himself sufficiently proves that Rome *knows* the Confessional is abused by licentious priests.

(2.) "*Have I not repaired to the Confessional and heard confessions with the intention of gratifying my evil passions?*"

(*Miroir* du Clergé. P. 582.)

Does not this question prove that Rome *knows* that women are ruined at the Confessional?

(3.) "*Have I not availed myself of what I heard in confession to induce my penitents of both sexes to commit sin?*"

Mind you, this is a question which the priests are required to put *to themselves*. If Rome did not *know* how frightfully the Confessional is abused by the priests, how could such a question have suggested itself to Roman theologians?

(4.) "Have I not, either during or after confession, done or said certain *things with a diabolical intention of seducing my female patients?*"

(*Miroir* du Clergé. P. 582.)

When Romanist theologians admit that priests do make use of the Confessional to seduce women, isn't it about time that Romanist laymen—fathers, husbands, brothers—withdrew their daughters, wives and sisters from that awful peril?

I do not believe, I cannot believe that the American Catholics have any conception of the vileness, the lewdness, the lasciviousness of the questions asked of women in the seclusion, and the secrecy of the Confessional.

William Hogan, of New York, was one of the priests who abandoned the Roman Church in horror and disgust.

On page 288 et seq. of his work on "Popery," he says:

The fact is, Roman Catholic laymen know almost as little of Popery as Protestants. They are not aware, that, when a female goes to confession, she virtually

binds herself to answer every question which her confessor proposes, and that the concealment of any thought or deed, which she committed, was a *mortal sin,* sufficient of itself to consign her soul to hell. She believes that the priest sits in the Confessional, not as a man, but as God. Attend, fellow-citizens, to what I here state to you, and you will easily conceive the possibility, nay, even the probability, nay, even further, the truth of every word I relate to you in relation to the crimes of nuns and priests, within the walls of nunneries.

The woman who goes to confession to a priest, whether a nun or a lay-sister, whether married or single, believes, that while in the *sacred tribunal* of the Confessional, he is divested of his humanity, and acts, not as man, but as God. Nothing, then, is easier, if he has the least fancy for the penitent, than to persuade her that he is divinely commissioned to ———. She does not doubt this, and yields to his wishes. There have been instances,—and there are now thousands of them in Europe, and even in this country,—where a priest tells every good-looking woman who goes to confession to him, that it is her duty to have children by him! Be not startled, American husbands. I make not these statements to hurt or outrage your feelings. I make it in compassion for you, and to prevent you, if possible, from permitting your wives or your daughters to go in future to these dens of vice, called *Confessionals.*

I can easily fancy one of you saying to your neighbor, who is also a Roman Catholic, and whose wife, as well as yours, goes to confession,—"Well, Mr. A., I care not what may be said against *our* priest, or against *auricular confession.* My wife goes regularly to confession, and if she heard or saw anything bad on the part of the priests, *I* should soon know it." "I have no doubt of it," says Mr. B. My wife goes also, and so does my daughter, and *I* suppose nobody will pretend to say that a priest could do anything wrong to *them. They* know better than to be imposed upon. There is not a better woman in the world than *my* wife; come over and dine with me. My wife just told me that she asked the priest to dine with us, and you must come."

I can not only fancy this, but I have seen such meetings. I have seen husbands unsuspiciously and hospitably entertaining the very priest who seduced their wives in the Confessional, and was the parent of some of the children who sat at the same table with them, each of the wives unconscious of the other's guilt, and the husbands of both, not even suspecting them. The husband of her who goes to confession has no hold upon her affections. If he claims a right to her confidence, he claims what he can never receive; he claims what she has not to give. She has long since given it to her confessor, and he can never recover it. She looks to her confessor for advice in everything. She may appear to be fond of her husband; it is even possible that she may be so in reality. She may be gentle, meek, and obedient to her husband, —her confessor will advise her to

be so; but she will not give him her confidence; she cannot,—that is already in the hands of her confessor. He stands an incarnate fiend between man and wife, mother and daughter. All the ties of domestic happiness and reciprocal duties are thus violated with impunity through the instrumentality of *auricular confession.*

Would to God I had never entered that *tribunal* myself! Would to God it was never in my power to relate as facts what I have now put to paper! But no such happiness was intended for me! It was the will of Providence that I was reserved to witness and relate those deeds of darkness and crime committed under the mask of Popish religion, from which my feelings and disposition shrink with horror.

But what has Popery brought amongst us? What have Popish priests introduced into this country? Idolatry, debauchery in every shape, and of every hue. Yet Americans will cast into the fire the works of those infidels,—they will not allow their children to read them, lest they may corrupt their morals, though the authors are cold in their graves. But they will send them to Popish schools,—they will allow them to drink lessons of depravity from the eyes of licentious nuns, and hear them from the lips of Popish priests. Strange inconsistency, this! Infidels in theory are shunned as plagues, while practical infidels are cherished amongst us. It is well known to Protestants even in the United States, that it is a common practice of Romish priests to seduce females in the *Confessional,* and it is, or should be equally well known that these very priests hear the confessions of the very females whom they seduce. It is an article of faith in the Roman Catholic Church, that the crimes of a priest do not disqualify him from *forgiving the sins of his penitent,* and hence it is that their opportunities of demoralizing every community, where they are in the ascendant, almost exceed conception. Persuade a woman that if she sins, you can forgive her as thoroughly and effectually as Almighty God could forgive her, and you take away every check from vice. All restraint is removed. The voice of true religion is silenced, and sin prevails.

The iniquity of Romish priests in the Confessional can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing else like it; it is a thing by itself; there is a chasm between itself and other crimes, which human depravity cannot pass. Could I state them all, as I have known them, my readers would feel themselves almost insulated; an ocean and a sea of wonders, and waters of grief and sadness for fallen humanity would ebb and flow around them. Just fancy an innocent female on her knees before an artful, unbelieving priest! But why is she there? Why does not instinct warn her off? Why does not conscious innocence tell her to fly from him?

Why does not innocence,—native, conscious innocence,—if, in reality, there is such a thing,—teach women to flee from those incarnate demons, Romish confessors? Why will they entrust themselves, alone and unprotected by father or mother, brother or honorable lover, with those scheming, artful

seducers? Why will mothers, married women, go to confession to these men, or why will husbands be such inconceivable dupes as to permit it? Have husbands any idea of the questions which a confessor puts to their wives? They have not even the remotest. Let me give them a few of these questions, and I assure them, as I have more than once done before, that I state nothing but what I know of my own knowledge. The following are a few of them. 1st. Have you been guilty of adultery or fornication, and how often? 2d. Have you desired to commit either, and how often? 3d. Have you ever intended to commit fornication or adultery? 4th. Have you ever taken pleasure in thinking upon these subjects? 5th. Have you dwelt upon them for any length of time? 6th. Have you ever endeavored to excite your own passions? 7th. Have you ever taken indecent liberties with yourself, or with your husband?

Does any husband really know that when his wife goes to confession,—and probably she leans on his arm while she is going there,—that the above questions are put to her? Assuredly, he does not. Otherwise, we must suppose him a man of base principles in permitting such a thing. But even should he suspect it, and ask his wife whether they were put to her; should he call upon the priest, and bring him and the wife face to face; should he ask them severally whether such interrogatories were put by the priest to the wife, they will jointly and severally deny it under oath, if required, and in doing this, they both feel justified; or, to speak more correctly and plainly, the priest is laughing in his sleeve, and the wife is his dupe. The reason, however, for the course they pursue, is this: The *infallible* church teaches, that when a priest is in the Confessional, he sits there as God, and not as man; and when he denies under oath that he put such questions, he means that he did not put the questions as man, but as God; and when the penitent is asked whether such questions were put to her, she will say on *oath* they were not, because it was God, and not man, that asked them. I am well aware that this will appear strange to Americans, but it is not the less true. I have asked such questions, and given such reasons over and over again, while acting as a Romish priest. I have asked them, till my soul sickened with disgust. Every priest in Boston asks those questions daily; there is not a priest in the United States who does not ask them. No, not one,—from Aroostook to Oregon, nor from Maine to Louisiana. Judge, then, of the moral waste and wilderness which Romish priests are effecting by hewing and clearing down everything that blooms or bears the fruit of virtue and holiness.

In Sanger's "History of Prostitution" we read:

"Most of the Kings" (during the Middle Ages) "set an example of loose intercourse with the ladies of the court. The armies of the time were noted for the ravages they committed among the female population of the countries where they were quartered.

"Both of these classes seem to have yielded the palm of debauch-

ery to the clergy. It is a fact well known to antiquaries, though visaul evidence of it is becoming scarce, that most of the great works of Gothic architecture which date from this period were profusely adorned with lewd sculptures whose subjects were taken from the religious orders. In one place a monk was represented in carnal connection with a devotee. In others, were seen an abbott engaged with nuns, a naked nun worried by monkeys, &c. &c.

When such was the condition of the clergy &c."

(Edition of 1899. P. 95.)

In Lecky's History of European Morals, (Edition 1871, Vol. 2, p. 230) we read—

"The monks, partly by the natural cessation of their old enthusiasm, partly by the absence of any hostile criticism of their acts, and partly too by the very wealth they had acquired, *sank into gross and general immorality.*"

The period here referred to was the Dark Ages, when "heresy" had been stamped out and the "true faith" was supreme throughout the Western world.

In 1871, appeared the first edition of "Castilian Days," by John Hay, afterwards Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's Cabinet.

Traveling in Spain, where the Roman Church has been absolute mistress for a thousand years, Mr. Hay was profoundly impressed by the abuses of Romanism. On page 45, Edition of 1907, we read:

"The piety of the Spanish women does not prevent them from seeing things clearly enough with their bright eyes. One of the most bigoted women in Spain recently said: 'I hesitate to let my girl go to Confession. The priests ask young girls such infamous questions that my cheeks burn when I think of them after all these years.'

"I stood one Christmas Eve in the cold midnight wind for the church doors to open for the night mass. On the steps beside me sat a decent old woman and her two daughters. At last she rose and said, 'Girls, it is no use waiting any longer. The priests won't leave their housekeepers this cold night to save anybody's soul.' "

The word "housekeepers" is a soft name for viler persons.

Mr. Hay proceeds:

"And it needs but a glance at the vile manual of confession, called the Golden Key * * to see the systematic moral poisoning the minds of Spanish women must undergo who pay due attention to what is called their religious duties. If a confessor obeys the injunctions of this high ecclesiastical authority, his fair penitents will have nothing to learn from a diligent perusal of Faublas & Casanova." (Works of the grossest obscenity.)

The manual of confession used in Spain is substantially the same that is used throughout the world. Wherever a Romanist priest confesses a girl or a woman, he pollutes her with those lascivious inquiries. They do it in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in Great Britain, in all the Americas.

Wherever this foul cess-pool, the Confessional, is set up, women are ruined, homes are blighted, and houses of ill-fame supplied with a

never ceasing line of wretched recruits.

How could it be otherwise when Romanist theologians teach the priests that if they do not "fall" more than "two or three times a month," their sin is merely venial?

Not long ago, a noble man who is devoting his life to the rescue of fallen women, and whose work takes him into houses of prostitution, wrote me that he was astounded to learn that so many of the women had been seduced by priests.

A friend of mine living in Jacksonville, Fla., wrote me of a recent incident. A certain Roman Catholic lady asked a lady friend—also a Roman Catholic—whether her confessor had ever solicited her. The answer was in the negative.

"Well, it won't be long before he does," remarked the lady. Then she told how her confessor had tried *her,* and how upon her indignant refusal, he had rushed out of the Confessional box, caught her by the hands, and refused to let her go, until she had promised not to tell.

Soon after this, the other lady had a similar experience.

Some of the fiercest arraignments of Roman Catholicism have emanated from priests who flung off allegiance to the damnable system. One of these ex-priests, Rev. Pierce Connelly, says:

"I have known a husband taught to deal double in the sacred matters of religion with his high-born wife, a brother with his high-born sisters, wives with their husbands and daughters, without number, with their trusting parents. I have seen clerical inviolability to mean nothing less than license and impurity. I have read to the pure and simple-minded Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda a narrative written to a pious lay-friend by a respected Roman priest, of such enormities of lust in his fallen priests around him, that the reading of them took away my breath, to be answered, '*Caro mio,*' I know it, I know it all, and worse than all, but nothing could be done!

"I have known a priest, here in England, practice Liguori simply as an amateur of wickedness, just as he would try poison upon cats or dogs. I have known this creature get up, and very successfully, a miracle (I have proof in his own hand-writing) at the very moment when, as a brother priest satisfied me, he was experimenting in seduction, 'but nothing could be done!'

"I have known a priest received and honored at a prince-bishop's table, when the host knew him to have seduced a member of his own family! but *nothing could be done.*

"I have been mocked by dean and bishop for denouncing a young priest, in whose bed-room, and before there had been time to dress himself, in broad day, in England, under a convent-roof, I had myself found a young nun, apparently as much at home as her confessor was himself."

How many such sights might be witnessed in our country, could the convents be suddenly uncovered!

"I have been forced to let pass, without even ecclesiastical rebuke, a priest's attempt upon the chastity of my own wife, the mother of my children, and to find, instead, only sure means taken *to prevent the*

communication to me of any similar attempts!

"This is a part of what has come within my own experience, but it is not the worst of that sad experience.

"I have seen priests of mean abilties, of coarse natures and gross breeding, practice upon pure and highly-gifted women of the upper ranks, married and unmarried, the teachings of their treacherous and impure casuistry, with a success which seemed more than human.

"I have seen these priests impose their pretendedly divine authority, and sustain it by mock miracles, for ends that were simply devilish. I have had poured into my ears what can never be uttered, and what ought not to be believed, but was only too plainly true; and I have seen that all that is most deplorable is not an accident, but a result, an inevitable result, and a *confessedly* inevitable result of the working of the practical system of the Church of Rome, with all its stupendous machinery of mischief; and the system is *irrevocable* and *irremediable!*"

In the fourth case of private confession, was that of a priest about to die in 1710. "My thoughts," says he, "have been impure since I first began to hear confession. . . . My actions have been the most criminal among mankind."

"Every priest had a list of the handsomest women in his parish, and when he had a fancy to see any woman remarkable for her beauty in another parish, the priest sent for her to his own house. So we served one another for twelve years. Our method has been to persuade their fathers and husbands not to hinder their spiritual comfort. I have spared no woman for whom I had a fancy, of my parish, and many of other parishes, I cannot tell the number!"

The Quakers of Wrightsborough, Georgia

Mark Allen Candler

(In The Magazine of History, August, 1912)

THE influence exerted by the Society of Friends in the settlement of Georgia has never been sufficiently recognized. They appeared first in the colony some time during the year 1754, and settled on the wonderfully fertile lands of Little River, near the spot where Wrightsborough was afterwards located, now a part of the county of McDuffie. Their leader was one Edmond Gray, a man of remarkable ability, who was chosen the next year as a member of the Lower House of Assembly for the parish of Saint Paul. Early in January, 1755, Sir John Reynolds, the recently appointed Governor of the Province, proposed to recall all grants of land hitherto made and to issue new warrants, "obliging all grantees to clear and cultivate at the rate of five acres each year for every hundred acres contained in their grants, in failure of which such grants are to be void." These conditions were especially hard on the Quakers, who had no slaves. Gray and seven other members of the Assembly, incensed at the action of the Governor, issued a call for the people of the colony who valued their liberty to assemble as soon as possible at Savannah. A copy of this manifesto fell into the hands of Governor Reynolds, and he removed Gray and all the other signers of the call from membership in the Assembly. Whereupon Gray, on his return to the Quaker settlement, induced his few neighbors to quit the province of Georgia and form a new settlement in unclaimed territory, south of the river Altamaha, between the English and Spanish possessions. Some Quakers, however, crossed over the Savannah river to another Quaker settlement at New River (now Newberry), South Carolina. Though the Governor had soon withdrawn his odious proposal to re-grant the lands, these peaceful people were easily persuaded to change their habitation, as an invasion of the white settlements was then threatened by the Cherokee Indians. They left no trace of their short stay there, save a beautiful spring, still known as the Quaker Spring.

The next Quaker colony was more successful. On September 1, 1767, there was presented to the Governor and Council "a petition of sundry families, at present residents in Orange county, in the Province of North Carolina, but lately from Pennsylvania, setting forth that they are desirous to remove into and become settlers in this Province, and praying that a reserve for that purpose may be made, for a certain time, from the Trading Path on Brier Creek (the Indian line) to the mouth of the Kiokee, from thence up the Savannah River to the mouth of Little River, and thence to continue along the Indian line to the place of beginning." This petition was presented in person by Joseph Stubbs, one of the petitioners, who explained the subject matter, and a reserve of twelve thousand acres, adjoining the Indian Line from Little River was ordered. On February 18, 1768, a letter was received by Governor Wright, stating that ten families of Quakers from North Carolina had arrived in the Province to take up and settle part of the lands reserved for them on Little River. In December, 1768, came a petition from Joseph Maddock and Jonathan Sell, "two of the people called Quakers," setting forth that since there was a reserve of land for forty families of their people, already seventy families had come in and actually settled;

also praying that a larger extent of land might be allowed, as they expected a considerable number of Friends might yet join them; also that their lands be laid out, grants passed and a road run. The names of these grantees are: Thomas Ansley, Henry Ashfield, George Beck, Richard Bird, John Carson, Cornelius Cochran, Stephen Day, Benjamin Dunn, William Elam, James Emitt, William Farmer, James Hart, Thomas Hart, Joseph Hollingsworth, John Hodgin, John Howard, John Hunter, Absalom Jackson, Benjamin Jackson, Isaac Jackson, Thomas Jackson, Walter Jackson, Francis Jones, John Jones, Richard Jones, Thomas Linn, Isaac Low, Daniel McCarty, Robert McLean, Joseph Maddock, William Miles, William Mitchell, Joseph Mooney, Richard Moore, George Morrow, James Morrow, Edward Murphey, John Murray, Alexander Oliver, James Oliver, John Oliver, Samuel Oliver, Peter Perkins, John Perry, Peter Phillips, Jonathan Sell, John Sidwell, John Slater, Ann Stubbs (widow), Deborah Stubbs, John Stubbs, Hugh Tanner, Laurence Thompson, Amos Vernon, Isaac Vernon, Thomas Watson, John Whitsit, John Whitsit, Jr., and Samuel Oliver. The total of these grants is more than fifteen thousand acres. It was further ordered that one thousand acres be surveyed and laid out for a township to be called Wrightsborough, in honor of the colonial Governor. Five hundred acres were also granted to Joseph Madddock and Jonathan Sell, as trustees, for a cow-pen. In July, 1769, one hundred acres were reserved for each unmarried man of the Wrightsborough colony: William Allison, Joel Cloud, Jacob Dennis, Robert Middleton, Samuel Samson, Henry Sell, Jonathan Sell, John Stewart, Jr., and John Welch. Land was also granted on the same date to these heads of families: Richard Austin, Abraham Dennis, John Dennis, John Dover, Edward Echols, William Hickson, James Hill, John Hill, Ambrose Holliday, Thomas Matthews, Holland Middleton, John Moore, Mordecai Moore, Thomas Moore, James McFarland, Ephraim Owen, John Perkins, John Rogers, and Richard Smith. Having in mind the fate of the first Quaker colony, Governor Wright encouraged the Wrightsborough colony by exempting all town lots from quit rents for ten years. The colony prospered for the next four years and had outgrown its original limits. In July, 1773, petitions were received and granted by the Governor and Council for an addition to the town of Wrightsborough. Seventy-five thousand acres, adjoining the Wrihtsborough colony, were reserved for Quaker settlers from South Carolina.

The Quaker records of the Wrightsborough colony, now at Guilford College, North Carolina, show that what is known to them as preparative (local) and monthly (district) meetings were organized, in 1773, by representatives from New Garden (now Greensboro), North Carolina. The membership was made up of emigrants from North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Burlington, in West New Jersey. The cause of their coming to Georgia is explained by their records. It appears that in 1762 a religious wrangle began in Orange county, North Carolina, concerning a Quakeress, Rachel Wright, who had committed some disorderly act. She apologized to the meeting and asked for a certificate of removal to South Carolina, which was granted. Some of the communion thought that her apology was not sufficiently sincere, and criticised the action of the meeting in granting the certificate to her. The malcontents, named as "Joseph Maddock, Jonathan Sell, Isaac Vernon and divers others," were expelled for their criticism. Though they were later restored to active membership, it is not probable that this trouble was ever fully healed;

for Joseph Maddock and Jonathan Sell were the founders of the Wrightsborough colony, a few years later, and a considerable number of their sympathizers came with them to Georgia.

The Creek Indian troubles of 1774 prevented further expansion of this rapidly growing Quaker colony. Forts were hastily constructed on the banks of the Savannah and Little Rivers, and in them were placed the women and children and articles of value. Those cultivating the fields were banded together for mutual protection. Many of the Quakers, discouraged by the frequent Indian incursions, loss of live stock, thefts and brutal murders, sought places of safety in the Carolinas and elsewhere. These Indian troubles were finally terminated by a treaty, signed in Savannah, by and between the Governor and Council and twenty-one of the head-men of the Upper and Lower Creeks. Confidence was restored, and those who had abandoned their partially improved homes returned with renewed hope of safety and success. The country, which eleven years before was an uninhabited wilderness, now contained more than two hundred and fifty Quaker families. There were three flourishing Quaker communities, at Wrightsborough, Williams' Creek and William Farmer's.

Samuel Fothergill was the first Quaker preacher to visit Georgia. Writing from Charleston, South Carolina, in 1755, he says: "I expect to be in Georgia, 150 miles south of this place, next week. . . . George Whitefield passed through this town a few days ago, to Georgia, having traveled very hard from Philadelphia, to get to his flock before we came amongst them." A Pennsylvania Quaker, who had settled at Wrightsborough, in 1777, wrote back to his home folks: "I dealt with a man for one hundred acres in the old purchase; fell to grubbing and clearing a piece of ground, and have ten acres now of likely growning corn. . . . I would be very desirous if brother Isaiah would send 10 or 12 lbs. of iron out by William Benson, for it is a very scarce article here and rates, I believe, at $2 the pound." A Quaker preacher records in his journal, 1791: "A large number of Methodists and Baptists attended meeting. Two women fell on their knees and trembled, and shook, and prayed and exhorted. I could scarcely account for such an extraordinary appearance." (Probably the influence of primitive Methodism.)

Though sympathizing with their neighbors, the Georgia Quakers, as a sect, were non-combatants in the war for American independence. Many of them disowned by the Society of Friends for taking part in the struggle for liberty, and the number of "'War Quakers" was not inconsiderable. Though their tenets in opposition to rebellion against government and bearing arms were well understood when they settled in Georgia, their position seems to have met with scant respect. They complain, in 1775, that they have been misrepresented in their conduct in regard to the Revolution; and again, in 1780, they speak of being "opprest by the violent behavior of the militia in these parts," and of being "illegally deprived of both liberty and property." They refused to comply with requisitions for war needs, and suffered from the impressments of the Americans and the thefts of the British and their Tory and Indian allies. The Georgia military law of 1792 provided that Quakers should be exempted from service on certificate from a Quaker meeting of their being *bona fide* Quakers, and paying an extra tax of twenty-five per cent. in addition to their general tax. Prior to this law they were under some disabilities. Muster fines and tithes were spasmodically collected. The Quaker version is as follows: "Friends are fined for not bearing arms, and that grand oppression of priests' wages; but the justices are moderate and truth gains ground."

The Georgia Quakers were zealous

supporters of religious freedom and bore witness to their faith under both tithes and military fines. The Church of England was established in Georgia by the Trustees, in 1758, the colony was divided into parishes and some tithes were collected. In the matter of the oath the Georgia Quakers were somewhat fortunate, for under the royal charter they were allowed to simply affirm. A law was enacted, in 1756, allowing them to affirm "without placing the hand on the holy evangelists." They refused to take the oath of allegiance, and for this reason their leader, Joseph Maddock, refused his seat in the first colonial convention.

No study of Quakers would be complete without some reference to their social life. They were frequently warned against "superfluity of apparil," "wearing faulds in their coats," and "such vain and vicecious proceedings as frollicking, fiddling and danceing." The question of marriage engaged much attention. They frequently disowned members for "outgoings in marriage," *i. e.*, outside their own communion, and it was an offense to be married at home instead of in meeting. For marrying William Candler, afterward a Georgia colonel in the American Army, who was not a Quaker, it is recorded that one Elizabeth Anthony, a Virginia Quakeress, was disowned and received only five pounds sterling by the last will of her wealthy father. Marriage by the publication of banns has always been allowed in Georgia, hence Quaker marriages were *quasi* legal. The Quaker form is as follows: The man and woman first declare their intention in open meeting. The women's meeting then appoints a committee to see if the woman is "clear" from "other marriage entanglements;" the men's meeting does the same; and when this is settled, the parties are "left to their liberty to take each other," which is done by calling on the congregation as witnesses: "Friends, you are my witnesses that, in the presence of you, I take this my Friend, Elizabeth Anthony, to be my wife, promising to be a loving and true husband to her and to live in the good order of truth, so long as it shall please the Lord that we live together or until death." A traveling Quaker preacher records these statements in his journal: "I went to Wrightsborough Fourth Day; next day at Williams' Creek, about ten miles distant, and came again to Wiilliam Farmer's, in Columbia county. I believe the Lord hath a little remnant in these parts who testify against slavery and keep themselves clear." A statement attributed to Bishop Roberts, in 1825, is recorded, to the effect that the Methodists were considering the advisability of making a law requiring all their members to free their slaves. As early as 1786 a Quaker petition had been presented to the Georgia General Assembly "respecting some enlargements to the enslaved negroes." It had no effect, probably because the black slave population was greater than that of the free whites. Owning few or no slaves, the Quakers were of the lower and middle ranks of society and could not come into economic competition with slavery. They realized that their own frugality and their labor were degraded by the presence of the slave. They were contemptuously referred to as "poor white trash" by the aristocratic house servants of the more or less aristocratic landed gentry of that time.

Though the largest element of the most populous county in Georgia until 1803, the Quaker protest against the baleful influences of slavery took the form of migration to the free Northwest, now the States of Ohio and Indiana. Most of them removed to Miami, Warren and Clinton counties, Ohio, as now known, and from there they spread all over the Middle West. A law was enacted in Georgia prohibiting the importation of slaves after

January first, 1808. It came too late, for the Georgia Quakers had already departed for a new home, "beyond the western waters" (the Ohio River), where was no slavery. The General Assembly of Georgia, in 1799, incorporated a body of five trustees, authorized the Quakers to elect their successors, and authorized them to sell the lands they held in Georgia. A Quaker preacher, Zachariah Dicks, visited Wrightsborough in 1802. He advised the Friends there to remove themselves from the midst of slavery, and predicted an internecine war within the lives of children then living. This man Dicks was thought to have the gift of prophecy. The massacres of San Domingo were then fresh in the minds of the people. He told the Quakers of Wrightsborough that if they did not remove from Georgia their fate would be like that of the slaughtered islanders. This produced a sort of panic and removals to Ohio and Indiana commenced. Within a year not a Quaker was left in Georgia. Thus was forever lost to this, the youngest and the weakest of all the colonies of America, a people who for two generations had proven themselves to be the most peaceful, frugal and industrious of any within the borders of Georgia.

Comment.

There is a singular admixture of truth and error in the foregoing article.

No general exodus of the Quakers took place. The descendants of the original colonists are scattered throughout Georgia. Many of them still live in and around the old town of Wrightsborough.

The Joel Cloud, mentioned in Mr. Candler's story, has never been unrepresented by a namesake and lineal descendant.

I bought his farm, many years ago, from Obadiah Cloud, who is yet with us, and one of whose most worthy sons bears the name of Joel.

The original King George III. grant is in my possession, with its great wax seal pendant.

The grant is countersigned by Charles Watson, clerk of the Royal council.

The Joseph Maddock mentioned by Mr. Candler was the ancestor of my mother. We spell the name Maddox, and it is borne by a creek which runs between Thomson and Wrightsborough.

The Moores, Haweses, Matthewses, Johnsons, Wilsons, Watsons, &c., of the old Quaker settlement are numerous in this part of Georgia.

"The old Quaker Graveyard" is one of our landmarks.

When a boy I used to spend much of my time with an uncle, Minor Jones, who had lived a long while in Wrightsborough, and who continued to reside near the village.

He used to tell me many interesting things about the Quakers; but he never mentioned any stampede of them to the West.

The fact is, they were gradually absorbed by intermarriage with Baptists, Methodists and the non-religious.

Their children dropped Quaker peculiarities of dress and speech, not caring to incur raillery and isolation.

By the way, there is strong ground for the belief that the cotton gin was invented in Wrightsborough. The descendants of Jesse Bull stoutly maintain that *he*, and not Eli Whitney, made the discovery.

Family tradition has it that his secret leaked out, and that a man, disguised in feminine clothes, was admitted to the shop to see the machine, and that Whitney was the beneficiary of the theft of Jesse Bull's idea.

T. E. W.

Tennessee's Partner

Bret Harte

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack;" or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the canon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was

equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Canon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little canon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all

questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed regions and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for him, and you fetches him; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bedrock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to

their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" he held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased" "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done

with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar, —perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough oblong box, apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buck-eye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny," even under less solemn circumstances. The men — half-curiously, half-jestingly, but all good-humoredly— strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation, —not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Canon —by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The red-woods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless activity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside as the cortege went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech: and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home.

And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why——" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's a sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

What American Jewesses Are Doing For America

THE value and importance of the Jew as a commercial and industrial asset to any country has long been a disputed question.

Other immigrant religionists have had the hall-mark of value placed on them by their people, but the Jew, escaping from the persecution of the old country, has taken an humble place in his new home, until, by his own efforts, he has made himself independent and successful.

The Jewish societies have lately come more before the public. The work they have been doing quietly has become better known, but little is known of the work the Jewish American woman has been doing for her immigrant sister.

Edith J. R. Isaacs, in The Twentieth Century Magazine, has given a comprehensive review of the aims and objects of the Jewish women's societies:

Sunsets and ships will speak romance to all of us down to the end of time. No matter how confirmed our worldliness may be, there is always in the clouds and the glow something of memories and dreams, something that carries us backward to the yesterdays of our own life, or onward through a world's tomorrows. The romance of the ship is that of life's realities, the meeting and the parting of the ways, love, grief, or bold adventure. And all of this it is to all of us, whether the vessel be out on perlious seas or coming safely back to port. Even at Ellis Island, the great boats have not lost their power to enthrall; and as they unload their freight of alien men, who come with all their strength and eagerness to join the army of grim toilers in this broad land, we read in their tense eagerness the whole glad story of American freedom as it seems to the oppressed beyond the seas. But with the women, somehow, it is different, and even the romance of toil has gone. As they stand there before us waiting to land, their heads bent under the burdens they carry, it seems hardly the material weight which bears them down, but the burden of life's handicaps. Hopefulness is seldom in their eyes, but only a great fear, driving them on to unknown ills by the power of a greater fear of being driven back to those they fled. For them there is nothing ahead but

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs."

Those who are only poor and alien are the fortunate among them, those whose worst fears pass with the coming of the husband or the friend who is to serve them as a shield. But for the sick, the friendless, or deserted, many of them the merest girls, whose ignorance of law or language seems impossible of penetration by anything but an instinctive dread, the woman's woe is doubled. For the Jewesses, coming from the many lands where they have been victims of persecution and inhumanity, the hopelessness is still more deepened by the torments of memory. For them the sum of possible human misery seems, indeed, complete. But only seems, for romance is still alive in the world; and there are those who, loving the sunsets, love too the idealism of yesterdays long gone, and who remember the words spoken from Mount Sinai;

"Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

To each of these unhappy sisters, who stand groping in spiritual darkness at the gateway of a new world, a hand is stretched out and a word of welcome spoken by a voice that she knows as the voice of a woman of her people. It is done (not only at Ellis Island, but at all the important port cities) in the name of the Council of Jewish Women, and is one of the ways in which 15,000 American women of Jewish faith are trying to prove that they are good Jews and loyal Americans, and that they consider it at once a responsibility and a proud privilege to share with the men of the nation the work of converting the unhappy alien into a useful and a happy citizen. The Immigrant Aid work, of which the friendly social service given at the ports of entry represents only the verbal beginning, has done a great deal to make the name of the Council of Jewish Women familiar; and yet it is one of the most recent of their philanthropies.

The society has been in existence for seventeen years and is the outgrowth of a delegation, which, under the able leadership of Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon, represented the Jewish women at the Parliament of Religions held at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893. The preamble of their constitution reads:

"We, Jewish women, sincerely believing that a closer fellowship, a greater unity of thought and purpose, and a nobler accomplishment will result from a widespread organization, do, therefore, bind ourselves together in a union of workers to further the best and highest interests of humanity in fields of Religious, Philanthropic and Educational."

The Council is, therefore, primarily a religious organization, and the work among the poor, the sick, the blind, the alien, the unfortunate of all kinds, is undertaken by its members as a practical expression of the religion which teaches that. "Whoso oppresseth the poor reproaches his Maker; but he that hath mercy on the needy honoreth Him."

But because the Mosaic law, upon which the faith is built, is made up as much of commands for the conduct of life as for the forms and ceremonials of worship, it is hard to distinguish where religion ends and philanthropy begins. Or, to put it in another way, the Jewish religion itself is one not only of faith but of works.

There is, besides, a close historical relationship between the religious and philanthropic duties of the American Jew, for it is an oft-quoted fact that the little band of Jews who landed in America in 1655 were permitted to do so only "provided that the poor among them shall not become a burden to the country or the community, but be supported by their own nation." For more than two centuries, this was not a desperate task in spite of its difficulties. The Jews who came were sturdy pioneers, trying their material and spiritual fortunes, in the way of the other early American settlers in the land of promise. Most of them were poor and, like other poor folk, were ready to share their little with the neighbor or the brother who had nothing. The forms of their religion, their strict dietary laws, and their own gregariousness kept them away from many worldly dangers. They were thrifty, law-abiding, sober. Parents, of course, died and left their orphan children to the care of the community; sickness imposed too heavy a tax upon many a family, often the injunction to "be fruitful and multiply" was obeyed more literally than the economics of the situation warranted. But all of this created just enough demand for charity to develop an active spirit

of brotherly love and responsibility among the richer men (who founded benevolent institutions with great zeal), and to justify the women in organizing hospital visiting committees and sewing societies where coffee and *causerie* might, not too wastefully, mingle with the cutting and the basting.

They were happy years for the Jews, those first centuries of American freedom, in spite of social and commercial barriers; and they filled the hearts of the people with true pharisaic complacency. It was often whispered proudly among them that, if some of the hotels were closed to the chosen people, so, too, were all the jails and the reformatories. Although there were exceptions, this was quite generally true. Then came the years of terror in the East, when Russia and Roumania raised their treacherous hands against the Jews, when tens of thousands of despairing men, women, and children rushed from streets that literally flowed with the blood of their murdered brothers, and fled, homeless and helpless, to our land, the hatred of tyrants in their hearts. Even then, American Jews believed that they were facing only the problem of relieving an enormous poverty. They met the task bravely, the best of them; but every year and every fresh massacre added, and still adds, to the number of the bereft who hold out their hands for succor. And the bitterness of the affliction was not in the sinful persecution of a race, not in the poverty, not even in the tragedy stamped by the mourning in almost every family; the bitterness lay in learning the lesson that, when Jews were deprived of all the rights that man holds dear, herded together like cattle in the filthy, sunless slums of the great port cities, a nation of students and farmers forced into the sweated trades and denied, by the conditions under which they lived, the safeguards of privacy and cleanliness and sanitation prescribed by a wise law-giver as a part of their religion, then they were subject to the same human weakness of disease and crime to which other people were, under like conditions.

Nobody who does not know how the heart of a Jew beats for all his people can understand the shudder that ran through the race when it was first declared that tuberculosis was rampant on the East side in New York, nor the sense of personal shame which they faced the fact that the weakest of the people, some of the girls and boys who are the pride and treasure of the Jewish home, had fallen into sin. On the other hand, nobody who does not know how hidebound is the conviction of the average worthy and conservative Jew that his race is innately immune from the dangers of vice and plague, can appreciate the struggle of the progressive philanthropists against such odds. It is only a few years since it was almost impossible to raise the funds necessary to start a reform school for Jewish boys, because nobody would admit that Jewish boys were bad in the law-offending manner of other boys; and to this day the Council of Jewish Women is carrying on a brave but almost silent fight for the maintenance of the "Lakeview Home" for wayward girls and unmarried mothers. It was not the sympathy of the people that was lacking, but experience to help them understand; yet their tardiness in recognizing the facts, brought upon the Jews in many places, and deservedly, the accusation that theirs were the only children whom nobody protected in the courts, and theirs the only youth to whom, when immured for infraction of the law, no religious teacher found his way. But the race has learned one of its saddest lessons and is zealously endeavoring to fulfil its added obligations.

The Council of Jewish Women shares the honor of being among the

first to recognize the great need for social service; and the form of their organization has, in itself, aided them in carrying on their work. For they are not a federation of clubs, a union of independent bodies, joined for purposes of reciprocal helpfulness; they are a national organization with broad and definite aims, divided into fifty-five local sections in order to secure more complete and efficient service.

The Councils stand especially for girls and for women, following that with work for boys, and supplementing even this by taking up anything called for at a special time which no other society stands ready to perform. Just now, for instance, in the interest of the national crusade against the great white plague, they are making an investigation of the condition of tubercular patients two years after their discharge from sanatariums. It is this widespread interest which made it possible for the executive secretary, Miss Sadie American, to whose unusual constructive ability, energy, and initiative much of the breadth of the work must be credited, to write in the last triennial record:

"I report one hundred and fifty-four different philanthropies, reaching 45,376 individuals, and a total expenditure of $138,695.07, all of which has been raised by the members. Seventy-five outside philanthropies, the majority of which were non-sectarian, were given $11,045. To the National Hospital for Consumptives of Denver, $2,037, to the San Francisco earthquake sufferers, $3,200, and for Russian relief, $3,265."

The institutions supported by the sections are of varied character. In Portland, Syracuse, Pittsburg, and Toledo they take the familiar form of the neighborhood house or social settlement and include all the numerous activities usually associated with our American development of that institution. Each of these homes, with its organized backing, is counted an important force for good in every civic undertaking. In Syracuse, where the Council settlement was the first to be established, one of the judges said, "Through the work done in that home, juvenile delinquency among the children of the district has decreased seventy-five per cent." And in Pittsburg the Council neighborhood workers assisted in the famous Pittsburg Survey, and are doing yeoman's service for the Child Labor Association.

In Providence, which is the home of Mrs. Cæsar Misch, the national president, the North End dispensary responds to the needs of the poorest Jewish section of the city, giving advice and treatment to five thousand patients annually. The work of the dispensary does not end in the building provided for its use; for, besides the physicians and the paid attendant maintained by the section, some member of the society is on hand daily to follow up the medical aid with any needed social service.

The Chicago section, which has had the benefit of the inspiring presence and untiring effort and enthusiasm of Mrs. Hannah Solomon, mentioned as one of the founders of the Council and for thirteen years its national president, has always been a leader in good works. Wherever there is a crusade for educational or social progress, the Chicago Jewish women will be found well abreast of their Christian sisters. It is, therefore, not remarkable that the Chicago section found both time and money to spare from a multiplicity of worthy endeavors, to dedicate a vacation and convalescent home for the women and children of the congested districts. The home at Western Springs, Ill., has been developed according to the plans of Mr. Jens Jensen, the landscape architect; and the good food and clean lodging and the "bed all to themselves" are beautifully supplemented, in their gifts of health

to weary mothers and happiness to pale-faced children, by groves of trees, fine shaded walks, a playground, clear pools for wading, and, over all, the sun.

In New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia the problems always consequent upon overcrowding, overworking, and underpaying have been so serious that the institutional work of the sections has been forced into channels of correction rather than of prevention. And yet the "Brooklyn Council Home for Friendless Jewish Children," the "Philadelphia Industrial Home for Jewish Girls," and the "Lakeview Home" (maintained by the New York section), have done such remarkable work with the delinquents and unfortunates in their charge that they really deserve to be classed as preventive, by virtue of the greater ills they have avoided, rather than as correctional, because of the delinquency they punish. The fine young poet was himself too weak for life, too sensitive to bear "our mortal slight of elemental claims," who wrote,

"These are the Failures. Clutched by Circumstances,
They were—say not too weak!—too ready prey,
Or else they nodded when their Master Chance
Wound his one signal, and went on his way."

That these are not failures, unless we of stronger hearts and clearer vision leave them where they fall, the results of the Council's work prove only too conclusively. It is rather we who are the failures if we leave our girls, weakened by their struggle for existence, a prey to our social and economic evils. It was in order to avoid these evils in the future, to abolish the necessity for cure by destroying the causes of disease, that the Immigrant Aid was added to the long list of Council activities.

At most of the important ports of entry, the Council stations an agent, whose first duty it is to take the name and address of every Jewish girl who lands, and to assist wherever possible in clearing away the difficulties and mistakes which add to the hardship of the landing, as well as those more serious ones which lead to detention and often to deportation. Even the most trivial complication seems serious at such a time, and it is hard to estimate the value of a word of friendly interpretation, the finding of lost baggage, correction of addresses, or the sending of a telegram to distant relatives who may not have received the girl's last letter. Sometimes there is stupidity to counteract, or fear which wears the aspect of stupidity. It is not unusual to find a girl giving an assumed name and priding herself upon her sagacity in duping the Government agent, whom habit induces her to regard as a spy, sublimely unconscious that she is subjecting herself to the chance of deportation, because, if nobody is there to call for her under that name, she will not be allowed to land.

When guardians prove indifferent or husbands faithless, a graver duty is imposed. One has only to study the annals of the poor to know the true measure of human helpfulness and sacrifice; but one learns, too, that the hunger and failure and despair which chasten the strong make cowards of the weak. It requires a jog of the memory, at times to remember the glad faces of the many men who clasped hands with waiting women and went their way into the unrecorded history which is their happiness. And how the heart aches for the girls who are unwelcome and do not understand. How ashamed one is of all the race of men when one sees a poor girl gradually losing her faith that "he will come" and then her hope that "he may come." The work is well rewarded that makes him come, late or unwilling, to assume his rightful burden; and the woman who performs

such work requires the shrewdness of a trained detective, the sympathy of a devoted friend, the tact of a social leader, and the patience of Job. And sometimes, added to all this, it is a sense of humor that saves the situation.

There was, for instance, the case of the little woman who waited patiently in Russia for the letter which should say that her husband's struggle with unsuccess was over and that she and her three children might come to America. Instead of that, there came to her the whispered word that he was planning to divorce her. In hot haste she and her little family packed their few belongings and took the first steamer for this country, landing here without money, without friends, without even the husband's correct address. The agent of the Council found this unhappy family excluded for deportation. It was easy to get the story from the despairing woman; but with nothing but the man's name in a big-city wilderness of names, a knowledge of the facts hardly relieved the situation of its difficulties. How the man was traced and found would make a chapter in itself; but still the work was only begun. For he loved his wife and babies only less than he hated his mother-in-law, and refused to go to Ellis Island until he received a definite assurance that this traditional breaker-up of happy homes would never again come nearer to him than the Russian frontier. That condition complied with, he accepted the services of the agent as peacemaker; and husband and wife, so near the point of tragedy, were reunited and, let us hope, lived happily thereafter.

When the agent has completed the manifold services for those detained and has spoken the last word of cheer to those for whom there is no alternative but to go back to their own wretchedness, she starts out with a long list of those whom she regards as doubtful, follows them to the given address to be sure that they are in proper surroundings, secures employment for those who have no means of securing it themselves, or, if the address is in another city, communicates with the local section, securing its co-operation. One of the most interesting facts which has developed through this work, one in which the Council feels great pride, as Jews, and sorrow, as citizens, is the high average standard of the girls when they arrive, physically and morally, compared with the standard in after years. The dangers are in the tenements and factories, the dance-halls and moving-picture shows of our big cities. It is to guard against these dangers that every Jewish immigrant girl receives an invitation to apply to the personal service agent of the Council, during her "social evenings," for whatever friendly advice she desires. The invitation does not pass unheeded. Not only the immigrant girls, but those who have long passed the three years during which they are technically aliens, they and their relatives, all come to claim the benefits of this big-hearted friendship. They come in search of work (which has been secured for hundreds), of legal or medical aid, of little social favors or some special aid for the insane, of assistance in managing a recalcitrant child who "refuses to be investigated," of advice in regard to learning a trade, or entering English or industrial classes or clubs of all kinds, of all the advice and all the aid which a friend with power can give—except alms. They come, too, in search of amusement and recreation, and it is the eager desire of all Council sections to provide properly for this important factor in a young girl's life. What they hope to do, by organized effort, in encouraging model dance-halls and the better class of low-priced theatres and concerts will be better spoken of five years from now; for the work is still young.

It has not been possible to do more

than mention the splendid record of the committee on the blind or the hospital service, with their common aim of bringing light and cheer, and, more especially, of enabling those who are handicapped by sickness or affliction to keep themselves and their families above the level of pauperization by increased industrial efficiency. There are many things which have not even had their little word. And so it seems something of a paradox to say again that the ultimate object of this great society is not extensive, but intensive, not to relieve the ills attendant upon poverty, but to develop the understanding and to broaden the sympathies of its members, so that their conscious social and educational co-operation shall aid in lessening the injustice which is the cause of poverty.

It is with this Uultima Thule in mind that the Council leaders lay fundamental stress upon the things of least interest to outsiders, the lectures and study circles, the religious schools, the conferences and entertainments, even the purely social functions which make for solidarity and for a fuller understanding of the vital American principle that "in union there is strength."

The Romanists Cannot Afford to Fight Fair

A CERTAIN priest, in Missouri, offered to pay $500 to any one who could produce the evidence that the Roman Catholic Church had ever officially forbidden the reading of the Bible by the laity.

Whereupon, I referred said priest to the Council of Trent, (1563) and claimed the ducats.

Have not yet received them.

On the contrary, I have been the beneficiary of unlimited and apparently sincere vituperation emanating from the scribblers who write things for the ridiculous Roman Catholic periodicals.

One of these ridiculous publications has established itself in Opelika, Alabama.

I wonder what Opelika has done to bring down upon itself such a calamity.

The name of the publication is, "The Marian."

Evidently, its editors do not worship God, nor Jesus Christ.

Evidently, its editors adore a Jewess, who was the wife of the Hebrew carpenter Joseph, and who bore to her said husband a house-ful of children, as most Jewish wives uxoriously and praiseworthily do.

Hence, in part, the phenomenal persistence of the Israelites.

This *Marian*, of Opelika, is furiously peeved because of certain disclosures which have been made of Romanist paganism and pollution.

It takes up the names of various priests and nuns who have escaped the horrors of convents and monasteries.

The *Marian* endeavors to destroy the weight of the evidence by attacking the character of the witness.

Of me, for instance, it disposes by saying that I was recently arrested by the Federal Government, for sending obscene literature through the mails.

The *Marian* does not tell its readers who the prosecutors were, nor what the obscene matter consisted of.

The *Marian* cannot afford to fight fair.

No Roman Catholic can afford to fight fair.

Their case will not admit of open, honorable, equal discussion.

Hence, they are compelled to take refuge in suppressions, falsehoods, abuse, slander and inventions.

The obscene matter which I sent through the mails consisted of a portion of a theological work, a text-book in Romanist seminaries.

That book has been going through the mails for a century.

Father Chiniquy quoted a part of it in his great work, "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional."

Chiniquy's book has been going through the mails for 32 years.

I quoted what Chiniquy quoted, and I was arrested for it.

The Knights of Columbus had it done.

These traitors have sworn to put me out of business.

We will see whether they can do it.

Oath-bound to a toothless, bald-headed Italian, who calls his leprous body "Christ veiled in the flesh," I denounce these Knights of Columbus as deliberate Traitors, disqualified to vote, hold office, or to serve on juries.

In the *Marian* Chiniquy is vilely slandered. For that reason, I will present our readers with a brief sketch of that noble man's life.

Incidentally, the daughter of Chiniquy recently received $3,000 damages from *La Croix*, a Canadian papist sheet, for slandering her dead father and mother.

It might be well if this courageous lady would prosecute the malicious liars who publish *The Marian*.

The Liberator, a Protestant paper published in Ottawa, Canada, recently published this sketch of Father Chiniquy:

Father Chiniquy was born in the town of Kamoraska, Canada, on 30th July, 1809. From his infancy he was taught the Scriptures by his mother, and got to love so many of the chapters that he committed them to memory.

When only nine years of age he had learn by heart the history of the creation and fall of man, the deluge, the sacrifice of Isaac, the history of Moses, the plagues of Egypt, the hymn of Moses after crossing the Red Sea, the most interesting events in the life of David, several Psalms, the parables of Christ, and the whole history of our Saviour as narrated by John.

Father Chiniquy thus describes an incident in his early life, which much impressed him:—

"One day, when I was at home with my parents, the priest of the village came on a visit. His name was Rev. Mr. Courtois, a man of unpleasant appearance. This priest was born in France, where he had a narrow escape of being condemned to death under the administration of Robespiere. He found a refuge, however, first in England, and latterly in Canada. On this occasion he addressed my father, 'Mr. Chiniquy, is it true, that you and your child read the Bible?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the quick reply, 'we do, and what is more, my little boy has learned by heart a great number of its most interesting chapters. If you will allow it, Mr. Courtois, he will give you some of them.' 'I did not come for that purpose,' abruptly replied the priest, 'but do you know that you are forbidden by the holy Council of Trent to read the Bible, and that it is my painful duty to get the Bible from you, and burn it?'

"Quick as lightning my father was on his feet, while I clung, trembling, to my mother's gown. My father's anger was terrible, and I feared a violent scene was about to take place, for he paced the room with a double-quick step, his lips pale and trembling, his hands pressing his heavy cane, and his face giving the evidence of a too well grounded terror.

"'Sir,' said my father, 'is that all you have to say here?' 'Yes, sir,' said the trembling priest. 'Well,' added my father, 'you know the door by which you entered my house, please take the same door, and go away quickly.' The

priest went out immediately. I felt an inexpressible joy when I saw that my Bible was safe. I ran to my father's neck, kissed him, and thanked him for his victory, and to pay him in my childish way, I jumped upon the table, and recited in my best style the fight between David and Goliath. Of course, in my mind, my father was David, and the priest of Rome, was the giant whom the little stone from the brook had stricken down. Thou knowest, O God, that it is to that Bible read at my mother's knee, I owe the knowledge of the truth today; that the Bible had sent to my young heart and intelligence rays of light which all the dark errors of Rome could never completely extinguish."

When Chiniquy was twelve years old, his father died. Shortly after the funeral they were again visited by "Father" Courtois, who demanded money from the poor widow, in order that prayers should be made for the deliverance of her husband from the flames of purgatory. Mrs. Chiniquy had been left quite penniless, and told the priest so, "but," she added, "you see that cow in the meadow, not far from the house; her milk and the butter made from it, form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory, take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames." "'Very well," said the priest, and deliberately directing his steps towards the meadow, he drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

In the month of August, 1829, Chiniquy finished his classical course of study in the College of Nicolet, and on May 4th, 1832, irrevocably consecrated himself to the "'Church of Rome," by taking the vow of celibacy and accepting the office of sub-deacon. It was not, however, till September 21st, 1833, that he was raised to the priesthood of the Cathedral of Quebec. "No words," he says, "can express the solemnity of my thoughts when the delegate of the Pope, imposing his hands on my head, gave me the power of converting a real wafer into the real, substantial body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ! The bright allusion of Eve as the deceiver told her, 'Ye shall be as gods,' was child's play with what I felt when assured by the voice of my Church that I was not only on equal terms with my Saviour, but I was in reality above Him, and that hereafter I would not only command, but create Him!"

Father Chiniquy was a faithful priest of Rome, and performed the duties which devolved upon him with the utmost consciousness. This is what he said of his first mass: "When the bell rang to tell me that the hour was come to clothe myself with the golden priestly robes and go to the altar, my heart beat with such a rapidity that I came near fainting. The holiness of the action I was to do, the infinite greatness of the sacrifice I was about to make, the Divine Victim I was to hold in my hands and present to God the Father, the wonderful miracle of transsubstantiation I was about to perform, filled my soul and my heart with such sentiments of terror, joy, and awe, that I was trembling from head to foot.

"It is not an easy thing to go through all the ceremonies of the mass. There are more than one hundred different ceremonies and positions of the body which must be preserved with the utmost perfection. To omit one of them willingly is eternal damnation. To make one's self believe that he can convert a piece of bread into God requires such a supreme effort of the will, and complete annihilation of intelligence, that the state of the soul after the effort is over is more like death than life. I had really persuaded myself that I had done the most holy and sublime action of my life, when in fact I had been guilty of the

most outrageous act of idolatry. My eyes, my hands and lips, my mouth and tongue, and all my senses, as well as the faculties of my intelligence were telling me that what I had seen, touched, eaten, was nothing but a wafer; but the voices of the Pope and his Church were telling me it was the real body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I had persuaded myself that the voices of my senses and intelligence were the voices of Satan, and that the deceitful voice of the Pope was the voice of the God of truth. Every priest of Rome has to come to that strange degree of folly and perversity every day of his life to remain a priest of Rome."

Father Chiniquy was a strong temperance advocate, and it was the means of starting and carrying on many temperance societies, often, however, against the bitter opposition of his fellow-priests. So much was he identified with the cause of temperance that he was known as the "Canadian Apostle of Temperance."

But during all these years Chiniquy's faith in the doctrines of "The Church" was slowly, but surely, crumbling to the ground. He struggled hard against these seasons of doubt, but one by one he found himself irresistibly compelled to reject the fundamental beliefs of Roman Catholicism, and finally, after a most extraordinary series of persecution and vicissitudes, which would have daunted the courage of most men, he severed his connection with the "Church of Rome" forever. He thus describes his extraordinary experience when he took that step. He had just had a stormy interview with the bishop, to whom he had admitted that he could no longer submit to his ruling or further teach the doctrines of the "Church."

"'If that be so, sir,' said the bishop, 'you can no longer be a Roman Catholic priest.' I raised my hands to Heaven, and cried aloud 'May God Almighty be forever blessed.' I took my hat and left to go to my hotel. When alone in my room, I locked the door, and fell on my knees to consider, in the presence of God, what I had just done. 'My God,' I cried, 'the Church of Rome is not Thy Church. To obey the voice of my conscience, which is Thine, I give it up. When I had the choice of giving up that Church or the Bible, I did not hesitate; I could not give up Thy Holy Word. I have given up Rome; but, O Lord, where is Thy Church? Where must I go to be saved?' Just then my eyes fell on these words in the New Testament, 'Ye are bought with a price.' 'Be not ye the servants of men.' They at once brought a great and delightful calm to my soul. I said to myself, 'Jesus has bought me, then I am His. My salvation must then be a perfect salvation, and if Jesus has perfectly saved me by shedding His blood on the cross, I am not saved, as I have thought, and preached till now, by my penances, my prayers to Mary and the saints, my confessions and indulgences, or the flames of purgatory.' At that instant all the mummeries by which the poor Roman Catholics are so cruelly deceived—the chaplets, indulgences, scapularies, auricular confession, invocation of the Virgin, holy water, masses, purgatory, etc.—vanished from my mind as a huge tower when struck at the foundation crumbles to the ground. Jesus alone remained in my mind as the Saviour of my soul."

Father Chiniquy immediately intimated his conversion to the Church of which he had charge, and to his great joy, the entire congregation of over 1,000 persons severed their connection with the "Church of Rome" along with him. This number rapidly increased till, on the 15th of April, 1860, Father Chiniquy formally joined the Presbyterian Church along with 2,000 converts. He continued to be mightily used in the Gospel till the day of his death, at the advanced age of ninety.

A Southerner in the West

J. M. Dimick

Chapter II.

Colorado Springs

COLORADO SPRINGS lies in the shadow of Pikes Peak. On account of its salubrious climate and ideal location, this city has long been the mecca of people suffering with pulmonary and asthmatic troubles. Indeed, the population is largely made up of those who have been compelled to break the ties which bind their hearts to home and friends, and seek this place of brilliant sunshine and life-giving air. At first their longing for familiar haunts and faces is almost beyond endurance, but in time they come to love the home of their adoption with such intensity that happiness without the fascinating glimpse of hoary Pikes Peak is well-nigh impossible. I have a friend from Mobile, Ala., who lived here many years during her husband's last illness and was grief-stricken over being so far from her native State and loved friends, yet after his death, when she came to live again in our beautiful Southern city, her heart ever turned to the West, and soon she decided to make Colorado Springs her permanent abiding place.

Here our "mother land" is well represented also, Englishmen are exceedingly popular and much copied. I do not marvel at this, however, when I recall the many charms of our cousins from the other side. If I had not been born in the greatest State of our Union and left at home such illustrious examples of everything noble and winning, I dare say after my many months' stay among these delightful people I should have at least acquired the English accent—"don't cher know?"

The hotels of Colorado Springs are handsome and perfect in their appointments and everything is done for the comfort of guests, who are made to feel like members of some pleasant house party, until bills are presented! We of the South are proud of our much-talked-of hospitality, but I must confess I never met with more kindness and courtesy than in this city of the Rockies. I treasure in my memory many charming acquaintances who gave a sweetness to my life in the West, and whose companionship made even more attractive the countless places of interest in and around Colorado Springs.

The walks and drives are ideal. Who can forget the marvelous beauty of the approach to that wonderful park called "Garden of the Gods," with snow-crowned Pikes Peak in the distance towering like some mountain Shakespeare above his fellows? The majestic "gateway" of red and brown rock, with its yellow tones is a fitting entrance to this pleasure ground of the gods. As we gaze on the curious stone formations contained in this magnificent park we marvel at the mighty forces of Nature and long to penetrate their mysteries.

Manitou Springs, five miles distant, are famed for their health-giving soda and carbonated waters, which bubble from the ground in greatest abundance. A draught from one of these fountains of life, satisfied forever my thirst for such healing. However, that hasty decision may have been reached because I had no illness to cure! Pretty Manitou nestles like a Swiss village high up among the wild mountains; some of its quaint cottages seem to cling to the precipitous cliffs in a most surprising way. You expect them to roll down each moment, and

hold your breath with anxiety for the safety of their occupants. This watching and waiting for a calamity is very fascinating, but a little hard on one's nerves.

Manitou boasts of palatial residences also. Many rich people have come here from the East and a number of English families have built beautiful homes; these with their lovely flower gardens and green lawns make ideal places in which to pass one's life and forget the strenuous world beyond.

One day great excitement prevailed among the people of Colorado Springs. A strike was on in the Cripple Creek mines. A message was brought to the effect that a number of men had been killed and wounded, the latter would come here for treatment, and that soldiers were needed to quell the disturbance. At once our women, in subdued tones and with tearful eyes, gathered the necessary articles for dressing wounds, and men who had been ill for months threw back their stooping shoulders and with gleaming eyes announced their intention of going immediately to the scene of bloodshed. After several days, this strike was ended, only to break out again later. When will all of these labor troubles cease? There should be some way to bring about harmony between employers and employees, and thus have them co-operate in the work of upbuilding our great country.

In recalling Colorado days, there ever comes to me the picture of a sweet young girl who was the petted darling of a rich and aristocratic family from Philadelphia. Her short life was almost spent at the age of nineteen, but she did not realize it. Her sparkling wit and charming personality made willing slaves of men and women alike. Fond of the beautiful, her gowns gave delight to the most exacting, and though no skilled musician, her rendition of favorite airs from popular operas were enjoyed by all who heard her play. These airs were always bright, like my lady herself, and gave no hint of her sorrowful future. Wherever she went, a large circle of admirers thronged her pathway. A sister, who was many years older and whose thoughts dwelt much on the mysteries of life and death, seemed like a little grey or black shadow in her sombre robes—the only dark spot in this brilliant picture. A few months after my departure from Colorado Springs, I read with a sigh that our fair flower had been transplanted to the world beyond the stars and her little grey sister had entered a convent, where I doubt not her prayers still ascend for the souls of many she knew in this butterfly life.

From Colorado Springs it is interesting to watch snow-storms in the distant mountains. There are days when Pikes Peak is bare and rugged with not enough snow to gleam white from its lofty crest. The air seems warm and close for such an altitude as we enjoy just below the foothills; soon dark gray clouds loom above the peak, the atmosphere becomes misty with feathery flakes and ere long, the entire range of mountains is wrapped in a mantle of whiteness; then we long for great coats and ask for more cover at nightfall.

Hail-storms also sweep down from the mountains with great fury and suddenness. I remember going with a friend to attend a political meeting one afternoon. As we walked along the broad streets, shaded on either side by large cottonwood trees, I took note of heavy clouds which hung above the mountains, but only thought of snow on their summit. The meeting was a success in every way, I presume from the enthusiasm manifested by that vast crowd assembled to hear and discuss the weighty affairs of our nation. It differed in some respects from political gatherings at home, in that women not only attended, but made splendid

addresses. I have ever contended that women were not created for public speakers; first, on account of prejudice; second, God did not give them suitable voices; they shriek when endeavoring to make themselves heard in a large building; third, they cannot argue, they simply assert. I was surprised, but not pleased, when I heard logical discourses delivered in even tones which could be heard in every portion of the great structure used on that occasion. Who can limit the possibilities of our so-called "weaker sex," when once they bend their efforts in any direction? My attention had been so concentrated on the heated debates within, I failed to hear the storm which raged without, and when the meeting closed great was my astonishment to find the streets streams of running water, while banks of hailstones were piled high on every side, sparkling like diamonds in the setting sun.

Colorado days are redolent with memories of Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Ramona." How she loved this fair city, with its glorious environments! When health failed, she journeyed here from her far-away home in hopes of regaining her strength. She describes in a most vivid way the wild canons of Cheyenne Mountain. "Bits of Travel at Home" is a bright chronicle of her Western experiences. According to a request expressed by Mrs. Jackson, she was buried on South Cheyenne Mountain, but her remains were finally interred at the city cemetery, as a man who owned a part of the pathway leading to her grave, sought to extort large sums of money from tourists who wished to visit the last resting place of our distinguished writer.

I gazed with interest on the house where Mrs. Jackson lived and wrote, but did not ask admittance, as it was still occupied by her husband, who is happily married to another Helen Hunt, niece of the novelist.

I would fain have wandered through its memory-haunted chambers, but, after all, are not one's thoughts better than the walls in which one lives? The soul of Helen Hunt Jackson dwells in the beautiful word-pictures of her books and in the children of her fancy.

Love's Old Court

Norah Burson

Ne'er did I think again to see
That old forsaken court,
Bright wings of memory and of dreams
Beguiled me to its port;
But through those halls that glittered once
With life and joy and love
Was not enough of light and warmth
To rest a weary dove.
Dark, chill, and dank, moss-covered o'er—
Chance e'en on memory sport?
I plucked not one of the lychens off,
But fled from Love's old court.

The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits

A Letter to the Right Honorable Robert Walpole, Esq.

(First Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. 1723.)

SIR: It might, perhaps, be expected that this address, to one in so high a station, should, as usual, consist of some pages of panegyric; but performances of that kind being as much beyond my capacity as you are above the receiving them from me, this presumption of mine will appear to be of a quite different nature. 'Tis not an author who wades through a sea of flattery to recommend himself to a patron, but the publisher who humbly acknowledges the protection you give him against the authors; those who would think the sacrifice of many thousands such little subjects as me, but an inconsiderable atonement for this re-exposing to public view the secret instructions of their society; if *despair has made some take a resolution to lay violent hands* on a sacred person, protected by all laws divine and human, sure no atom of remorse can be left to restrain their vengeance on one of an inferior rank of his people. This is what I hope will justify my offering to you one of the worst books that ever was writ, which if it can become harmless, it is by being well known. Here is the origin of those schools wherein Garnet, John Chastel, (the person who attempted to stab Henry IV. of France) and Plunket were educated. 'Tis to you, Sir, chiefly owing that the last of these wretches, instead of serving here as an example of the blackest of criminals, is not this day triumphant with his confederates, giving the law to that great assembly whose justice now hangs over their heads.

I am, Sir, with the utmost respect and submission,

Your most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN WALTHOE, JR.

Advertisement to the Reader

(By the London Publisher, 1723.)

The following masterpiece of religious policy was published many years since, in Latin, French, and Dutch. Mr. John Schipper, a bookseller at Amsterdam, bought one of them at Antwerp, among other books, and afterwards reprinted it. The Jesuits, being informed that he had purchased this book, demanded it back from him; but he had then sent it to Holland. One of the society who lived at Amsterdam, hearing it said soon after to a Catholic bookseller, by name Van Eyk, that Schipper was printing a book which concerned the Jesuits, replied that if it was only the Rules of the Society, he should not be under any concern, but desired he would inform himself what it was. Being told by the bookseller that it was the *Secret Instructions of the Society*, the good father, shrugging up his shoulders and knitting his brow, said that he saw no remedy but denying that this piece came from the society. The reverend fathers, however, thought it more advisable to purchase the whole edition, which they soon after did, some few copies excepted. From one of these it was afterwards reprinted, with this account prefixed, which is there said to be taken from two Roman Catholics, men of credit.

Preface

These private instructions must be carefully retained and kept by the superiors in their own hands, and by them be communicated only to a few of the professors, and when it shall be judged for the benefit of the society, divulge some of them to such as are non-professors; but even these must be done under the strictest ties of secrecy, and not as rules committed to writing by others, but as deduced from the experience of him that dic-

tates. And since many of the professors must necessarily from hence be acquainted with these private advices, the society has therefore, from their first establishment, taken care that no one who is in the secret can betake himself to any other order but that of the Carthusians; and this from the strict retirement in which they live and the inviolable silence they are obliged to; which the holy see has been pleased to confirm.

The greatest care imaginable must be also taken that these instructions do not fall into the hands of strangers, for fear, out of envy to our order, they should give them a sinister interpretation. But if this (which God forbid!) should happen, let it be positively denied that these are the principles of the society, and such denial be confirmed by those of our members which we are sure know nothing of them; by this means, and by confronting these with our public instructions, printed or written, our credibility will be established beyond opposition.

Let the superiors also carefully and warily inquire whether discovery has been made of these instructions by any of our members to strangers; and let none transcribe, or suffer them to be transcribed, either for himself or others, without the consent of the general or provincial. And if any one be suspected of incapacity to keep such important secrets, acquaint him not of your suspicion, but dismiss him.

Chapter I.

I. It will be of great importance for the rendering our members agreeable to the inhabitants of the place where they design their settlement, to set forth the end of the society, in the manner prescribed by our statutes, which lay down: That the society ought as diligently to seek occasions of doing good to their neighbors as to themselves; wherefore, let them with humility discharge the meanest offices in the hospitals, frequently visit the sick, the poor, and the prisoners, and readily and indifferently take the confessions of all, that the novelty of such uncommon and diffusive charity may excite in the principal inhabitants an admiration of our conduct and forcibly draw them into an affection for us.

II. Let it be remembered by all that the privilege to exercise the ministry of this society must be requested in a modest and religious manner, and that they must use their best endeavors to gain chiefly the favor of such ecclesiastics and secular persons of whose authority they may stand in need.

III. Let them also remember to visit distant places where, having remonstrated the necessities of the society, they shall readily receive the most inconsiderable alms, which afterwards being bestowed on other objects, may edify those which are as yet unacquainted with our society, and stir them up to a greater liberality to us.

IV. Let all seem as though they breathed the same spirit and consequently learn the same exterior behavior, that by such an uniformity in so great a diversity of men all may be edified. But if any obstinately persist in a contrary deportment let them be immediately dismissed as dangerous persons and hurtful to the society.

V. At their first settlement let our members be cautious of purchasing lands, but if they happen to buy such as are well situated let this be done in the name of some faithful and trusty friend. And that our poverty may have the more colorable gloss of reality let the purchases adjacent to the places wherein our colleges are founded be assigned by the provincial to colleges at a distance; by which means it will be impossible that princes and magistrates can ever attain to a certain knowledge what the revenues of the society amount to.

VI. Let no places be pitched upon by any of our members for founding a

college but opulent cities, the end of the society being the imitation of our blessed Savior, who made His principal residence in the metropolis of Judea, and only transiently visited the less remarkable places.

VII. Let the greatest sums be always extorted from widows, by frequent remonstrances of our extreme necessities.

VIII. In every province let none but the principal be fully apprised of the real value of our revenues, and let what is contained in the treasury of Rome be always kept as an inviolable secret.

IX. Let it be publicly remonstrated and everywhere declared by our members in their private conversation that the only end of their coming there was for the instruction of youth and the good and welfare of the inhabitants; that they do all this without the least view of reward or respect of persons, and that they are not an incumbrance upon the people, as other religious orders constantly are.

Chapter II.

I. Princes and persons of distinction everywhere must by all means be so managed that we may have their ear, and that will easily secure their hearts. By which way of proceeding all persons will become our creatures, and no one will dare to give the society the least disquiet or opposition.

II. That ecclesiastical persons gain a great footing in the favor of princes and noblemen by winking at their vices and putting a favorable construction on whatever they do amiss, experience convinces; and this we may observe in their contracting of marriages with their near relations and kindred or the like. It must be our business to encourage such whose inclination lies this way by leading them up in hopes that through our assistance they may easily obtain a dispensation from the Pope; and no doubt he'll readily grant it, if proper reasons be urged, parallel cases produced, and opinions quoted which countenance such actions when the common good of mankind and the greater advancement of God's glory (which are the only end and design of the society) are pretended to be the sole motives to them.

III. The same must be observed when the prince happens to engage in any enterprise which is not equally approved by all his nobility, for in such cases he must be egged on and excited, whilst they, on the other hand, must be dissuaded from opposing him, and advised to acquiesce in all his proposals. But this must be done only in generals, always avoiding particulars, lest, upon the ill-success of the affair, the miscarriage be thrown upon the society. And should ever the action be called in question care must be taken to have instructions always ready, plainly forbidding it, and these also must be backed with the authority of some senior members, who, being wholly ignorant of the matter, must attest upon oath that such groundless insinuations are a malicious and base imputation on the society.

IV. 'Twill also very much further us in gaining the favor of princes if our members artfully worm themselves, by the interest of others, into honorable embassies to foreign courts in their behalf, but especially to the Pope and great monarchs, for by such opportunities they will be in a capacity both to recommend themselves and their society. To this end therefore let none but thorough zealots for our interest and persons well versed in the schemes and institutions of the society be ever pitched upon for such purposes.

V. Above all, due care must be taken to curry favor with the minions and domestics of princes and noblemen, whom by small presents and many offices of piety we may so far bias as by means of them to get faithful intel-

ligence of the bent of their masters' humors and inclinations; thus will the society be the better qualified to chime in with all their tempers.

VI. How much the society has benefited from their engagements in marriage treaties the houses of Austria and Bourbon, Poland and other kingdoms are experimental evidences. Wherefore let such matches with prudence be picked out whose parents are our friends and firmly attached to our interests.

VII. Princesses and ladies of quality are easily to be gained by the influence of the women of the bedchamber, for which reason we must by all means pay a particular address to these, for hereby there will be no secrets in the family but what we shall have fully disclosed to us.

VIII. In directing the consciences of great men it must be observed that our confessors are to follow the opinions of those who allow the greater latitude in opposition to that of other religious orders, that, their penitents being allured with the prospect of such freedom, may readily relinquish them and wholly depend upon our direction and counsel.

IX. Princes, prelates, and all others who are capable of being signally serviceable to the order must be favored so far as to be made partakers of all the merits of the society, after a proper information of the high importance of so great a privilege.

X. Let these notions be cautiously and with cunning instilled into the people: that this society is entrusted with a far greater power of absolving, even in the nicest cases; of dispensing with fasts; with paying and demanding of debts; with impediments of matrimony, and other common matters than any other religious order. Which insinuations will be of such consequence that many of necessity must have recourse to us, and thereby lay themselves under the strictest obligations.

XI. It will be very proper to give invitations to attend our sermons and fellowships, to hear our orations and declamations, as also to complement them with verses and theses, to address them in a genteel and complaisant manner, and at proper opportunities to give them handsome entertainments.

XII. Let proper methods be used to get knowledge of the animosities that arise among great men, that we may have a finger in reconciling their differences; for by this means we shall gradually become acquainted with their friends and secret affairs, and of necessity engage one of the parties in our interests.

XIII. But should discovery happen to be made that any person serves either king or prince who is not well affected towards our society, no stone must be left unturned by our members, or (which is more proper) some other, to induce him by promises, favors, and preferments (which must be procured for him under his king or prince) to entertain a friendship for and familiarity with us.

XIV. Let all be very cautious of recommending or preferring such as have been dismissed from the society, but especially those who of their own accord have departed from it; for let them disguise it ever so cunningly, nevertheless they always retain an implacable hatred against our order.

XV. Finally, let all with such artfulness gain the ascendancy over princes, noblemen, and the magistrates of every place that they may be ready at our beck even to sacrifice their nearest relations and most intimate friends when we say it is for our interest and advantage.

Chapter III.

I. All that has been before mentioned may in great measure be applied to these; and we must also be industrious to procure their favor against every one that opposes us.

II. Their authority and wisdom must be courted for obtaining several offices to be discharged by us; we must also make a handle of their advice with respect to the contempt of riches; though at the same time, if their secrecy and faith may be depended on, we may privately make use of their names in amassing temporal goods for the benefit of the society.

III. They must be also employed in calming the minds of the meaner sort of people and in wheedling the aversions of the populace into an affection for our society.

IV. As to bishops, prelates, and other superior ecclesiastics, they must be importuned for such things only as shall appear necessary, and even for these with a proper regard for the diversity of our occasions and the tendency of their inclinations to serve us.

V. In some places it will be sufficient if we can prevail with the prelates and curates to cause those under them only to bear a reverence to our order, and that they themselves will be no hindrance to us in the discharge of our ministry. In others, where the clergy are more predominant, as in Germany, Poland, etc., they must be addressed with the profoundest respect, that by their and the princes' authority monasteries, parishes, priories, patronages, foundations of masses, and religious places may be drawn into our clutches; and this is no hard matter to be obtained in those places where Roman Catholics are intermixed with heretics and schismatics. And for the better effecting of this it will be of great importance to remonstrate to these prelates the prodigious advantage and merit there will be in changes of this sort, which can hardly be expected from priests, seculars, and monks. But should they be prevailed upon, their zeal must then be rewarded with public commendations and the memory of the action transmitted in writing to latest posterity.

VI. In prosecution of the same end, we must engage such prelates to make use of us both for confessors and counsellors; and if they at any time aim at higher preferment from the see of Rome their pretensions must be backed with such strong interest of our friends in every place as we shall be almost sure not to meet with a disappointment.

VII. Due care must also be taken by such of our members who have intercourse with bishops and princes that the society, when these found either colleges or parochial churches, may always have the power of presenting vicars for the cure of souls, and that the superintendent of the place for the time being be appointed curate, to the end that we may grasp the whole government of the church, and its parishioners by that means become such vassals to us that we can ask nothing of them that they will dare to deny us.

VIII. Wherever the governors of academies hamper our designs or the Roman Catholics or heretics oppose us in our foundations we must endeavor by the prelates to secure the principal pulpits, for by this means the society at least may some time or other have an opportunity of remonstrating their wants and laying open their necessities.

IX. The prelates of the church above all others must be mightily caressed when the affair of canonization of any of our members is upon the foot, and at such a time letters by all means must be procured from princes and noblemen, by whose interest the matter may be promoted at the court of Rome.

X. If ever it happen that prelates or noblemen are employed in embassies, all caution must be taken to prevent them from using any religious order that opposes ours, lest their disaffection to us should be infused into their masters, and they propagate it among the provinces and cities where we reside. And if ever ambassadors of this kind

pass through provinces or cities where we have colleges, let them be received with all due marks of honor and esteem, and as handsomely entertained as religious decency can possibly admit of.

Chapter IV.

I. Let the members of our society direct princes and great men in such a manner that they may seem to have nothing else in view but the promotion of God's glory; and advise them what they themselves are willing to comply with; for their aim must not, immediately, but by degrees and insensibly, be directed towards political and secular dominion.

II. We must therefore often inculcate into them that honors and preferments in the State should always be conferred according to the rules of justice; that God is very much offended at princes when they any ways derogate from this principle, and are hurried away by the impulse of their passions. In the next place, our members must with gravity protest and in a solemn manner affirm that the administration of public affairs is what they with reluctance interfere in; and that the duty of their office obliges them often to speak such truths as they would otherwise omit. When this point is once gained care must be taken to lay before them the several virtues persons should be furnished with, who are to be admitted into public employs, not forgetting slyly to recommend to them such as are sincere friends to our order; but this must be done in such a manner as not immediately to come from us (unless the princes enjoin it), for it may be effected with a far better grace by such as are their favorites and familiars.

III. Wherefore, let the confessors and preachers belonging to our order be informed by our friends of persons proper for every office, and above all such as are our benefactors, whose names let them always carefully keep by them, that when proper opportunities occur they may be palmed upon the prince by the dexterity of our members or their agents.

IV. Let the confessors and preachers always remember, with complaisance and a winning address, to sooth princes, and never give them the least offense in their sermons or private conversations; to dispossess their minds of all imaginary doubts and fears, and exhort them principally to faith, hope, and political justice.

V. Let them seldom or never accept of small presents for their own private use, but rather recommend the common necessities of the province or college. At home, let chambers plainly furnished content them; and let them not appear in showy dresses, but be ready at every turn to administer their ghostly advice to the meanest person about the palace; lest they give others occasion to believe they are willing to be helpful to none but the great.

VI. Immediately upon the death of any person in post, let them take timely care to get some friend of our society preferred in his room; but this must be cloaked with such cunning and management as to avoid giving the least suspicion of our intending to usurp the prince's authority; for this reason (as has been already said) we ourselves must not appear in it, but make a handle of the artifice of some faithful friends for effecting our designs, whose power may screen them from the envy which might otherwise fall heavier upon the society.

Chapter V.

I. We must not be discouraged or beat down by this sort of men, but take proper opportunities, demonstrably to convince princes and others in authority who are any way attached to our interest, that our order contains the perfection of all others, excepting only their cant and outward austerity of life

and dress; but if another order should claim preeminence in any particular, that 'tis ours which shines with the greatest lustre in the church of God.

II. Let the defects of other religious orders be diligently canvassed and remarked, and, after full discovery, gradually publish to our faithful friends, but always with prudence and a seeming sorrow; and let it be pretended, that 'tis not in their power to acquit themselves so happily as we, even in the discharge of those functions which are common to us both.

III. But far greater efforts must be made against those who attempt setting up schools for the education of youth in places where any of our members do the same already with honor and advantage. And in this case princes and magistrates must be told that such, unless timely prevented, will certainly prove nurseries of tumults and seditions; for children, from different methods of instruction, must necessarily imbibe different principles; and lastly, we must persuade them that no society but ours is qualified for discharging an office of so great importance.

VI. And should these religious orders procure license from the Pope, or obtain recommendations from cardinals, our members must oppose these by the interest of princes and noblemen, who should inform his holiness of the merits of our society, and its capacity for the peaceful education of youth; and let this be corroborated by testimonies from the magistrates of the place concerning the good behavior and faithful instruction of such as are committed to our care.

V. In the meantime let our members be mindful to give the public some signal instances of their virtue and learning by directing their pupils in the presence of the gentry, magistrates, and populace, in their several studies, or engaging them in the performance of some other scholastic exercises proper for gaining public applause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Household Gods

J. H. Macnair
(In London Spectator)

The baby takes to her bed at night
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row;
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving-cup
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see
Why just these things are a part of me!

The Rights of the Common People

(Speech delivered by the late Thos. N. Smyly, representing Norwood College, in contest at Montgomery, Ala.)

WHO are the common people, and what part have they in this world of action? Public opinion says of them: "They are a motly mass of humanity,—laboring today for what they consumed yesterday; aspiring not to the future, living only in the present; deserving not the rights of lofty citizenship, meriting only the privileges of serfdom." But the impartial consideration of Truth reveals a far different idea. Was it not the plain, common citizen of the United States who, with his rifle won the land in which we live; with his axe conquered the forest; with his spade reclaimed the marsh; with his saw, plane, and hammer built the home? Was it not the same plain citizen who, with pick and shovel, delved into the secret parts of the earth and revealed the stores of wealth hidden there from the foundations of the world? Was it not this same plain citizen whose life was sacrificed on the field of battle, whose blood was shed in the cause we love?

Then why should not the rights of the common people be considered? No class of people has a right to feel prouder than they. Every mansion in your beautiful city is an evidence of their skill; every temple which accommodates the worshiping hosts of our great nation is a testimonial to their zeal; every field which bears today the coming harvest which must feed the hungry tomorrow is a witness to their power. Not an hour in any day, from early dawn till evening twilight, when the hum of the spindle in the factory and the ring of the anvil in the shop cease to speak of their toil; not for a moment do the splendid results of their labors pause in relating the story of their worth. In every transaction of commerce there is the presence of their vitality; in every triumph of manufacture they are the marshalled forces; in every promotion of agriculture they are the sole dependence. Yea, upon what other basis than the labor of the common people have the statesman's dreams of our national development been realized, in the lifting of the marble from its quarry, the coal, iron, silver and gold from mines hitherto unknown to man; in the developing of new centers of commerce, and in the establishing of great cities of wealth,—a development which has brought abundance and the possible blessings thereof: Peace, contentment, fraternity, happy homes, enlightened people?

Without the untiring zeal, the incalculable strength, the never-ceasing vitality and vigor of those whom we term "common people," this world would be a passive multitude, devoid of life and action. Surely, as I look into your faces, not one of you, my friends, would proclaim as unworthy of consideration the rights of those who have thrown themselves upon the altar of sacrifice, and bearing the burdens of the many, have transformed a sleeping wilderness into a nation whose majesty and glory were never surpassed.

As for the rights they merit, a definite verdict has been rendered: "They should get all the creations of their labor, giving due allowance for material and the use of capital." The producer should prosper in just proportion to the amount of his production. Although some may deny him any portion of the profits on his labor, still no fair-minded citizen would deprive him of a sufficiency of food, clothing and lodging for his daily needs, and a sufficiency of leisure for preserving the body and cultivating the mind. Yet, every effort they have made to secure for themselves these rights has been a

struggle; every concession has been stained with blood. No chain has been struck from the limbs of fettered labor, save at the cost of some brave man's life.

But who regards the rights of the common people? Do our laws give them protection? Nay, the legislator and the capitalist combine to crush them. While we hear the cry, "Overproduction of food," we see men go hungering through our streets. Again, the cry is made, "Overproduction of goods," and we see shrinking women and feeble children, shivering on their way to places of labor, so scantily clad that suffering speaks in every line of their pinched and haggard faces. While the earth quivers every second with falling timbers, and the hum of the saw is heard in every forest, we see thousands of laborers sheltering their families in wretched hovels, through whose sunken roof patters the rain, through whose gaping cracks steals the bitter cold. There are millions among us who never know what it is to have sufficient food, raiment and shelter. Yea, more than this, we see innocent children perishing for the lack of air.

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens on the street.
There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor."

And who does not know that thousands of women stitch their lives out in filthy sweat-shops, or are driven by unmerciful poverty into hopeless dens of vice?

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolerous pitch,
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

Again, we see men all bowed and bent, toiling all their lives at heavy tasks, never having a rest from the galling yoke, never out of sight of the yawning pit of pauperism.

"Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More frought with menace to the universe.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?"

The cause of these conditions, my friends, may be attributed to many things. Allow me to mention three:

1. First, public opinion condemns the common people. This is an irresistible power, the influence of which has been felt throughout the ages. But do we have to look back to the pages of ancient history that we may find the powerful influence of public opinion exerting itself in crushing the weak and helpless? No. Picture the conditions in England in the sixteenth century, not in a time of feudal ignorance or of savage anarchy, but in modern times, when Education spoke in her universities, when Christianity knelt in her temples. What do we see? Women and children in servitude and bondage, suffering untold misery in the mines, toiling unceasingly, without ever seeing the light of day, without ever breathing the sweet air, of enjoying Heaven's gracious gift of freedom. During a period of thirty-eight years seventy-six thousand men are hanged on the gallows,—not because they are criminals, but because they are without work, and have no food; because they ask help of their fellow-men; for their wives lie sick at home and their children cry for bread. The cruel, bloody monster, on whose head rests this crime, was the official head of the English church, who even dared to call himself "Defender of the Faith,"—the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, who never in all His ministry possessed a home, nor laid up today that which He would eat tomorrow.

But what of conditions existing in our own land today? Public opinion unhesitatingly sanctions the existence of trusts and monopolies, and is quite willing that one privileged corporation receive greater net profits than can be earned by ten million workers on five million farms. And yet, if labor combines to say when and for whom it shall work, everywhere we hear the cry, "Conspiracy." The manufacturer can fix extortionate prices on his goods, and compel the consumer to pay them; the producer has not the right to say what the productions of his labor shall bring, but is forced to receive whatever his master is willing to give.

2. Then, our laws disregard the rights of the common people. Legislation protects capital, but oppresses those who produce it. To competitive capital our Government says, "Stay out!" To competitive labor is the cordial invitation, "Come in!" For the trust magnate our tariff laws provide unlimited protection, and for his enrichment, heavily burdens the common people,—those horny-handed sons of toil, who have produced the wealth of this Republic, whose brawn and muscles and patriotism have made this the richest, the grandest, the most glorious country under the shining sun!

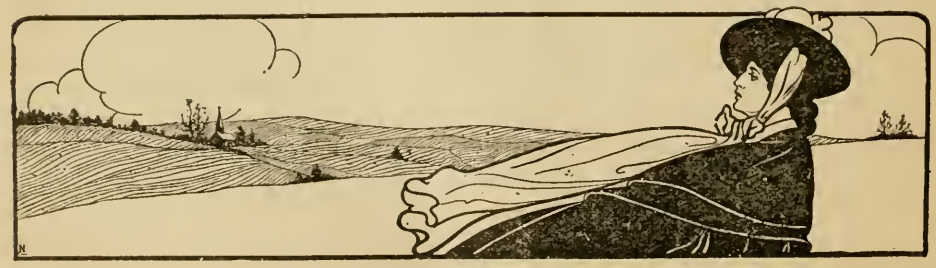
In the name of the God of Justice, is this right? If the earth is only a battlefield in which the divine Creator intended that the strong battalion should always trample the weak, then the success of the plan is gratifying. But if this earth was intended by a common Father as the home of His children, and if it was His divine purpose that each of those children should find food, raiment and shelter in return for his labor, then this plan is at present a failure.

3. The third cause is this: There is a spirit of antagonism existing between capital and labor. Each has a misconception of the other's worth,—a misconception which leads to hostility and warfare. Capital, by far the more powerful of the two, smites its weaker opponent without mercy. Hence, we

see bound in the shackles of poverty, strong, industrious men, whose unceasing toil should make them rich. We behold the pale faces of noble-hearted women,—hungry and sick, wasted and wan—whose fidelity and perseverance present to the world just claims to the comforts of life. We view a still more horrible sight: the lives of bright boys and girls, the flower of our youth, cursed with ignorance and the lack of culture. The long hours of labor imposed by the capitalist deprive the common people of the privilege of recreation, of the advantages of social intercourse, and of the opportunities of self-government. How can men lift themselves, when they have no leisure to improve the mind, to recuperate the body, and to frame those moral and social relations which elevate men above the brutes?

Then, on behalf of the plain, common people of our land, I appeal to you,—you who reside in this, the most cultured city of our State; you who hold sacred to your hearts the thought of freedom, the thought of home; you whose fathers planted the trees of human liberty, and left the sacred torch of freedom burning: let us allow this hallowed tree to stand; let us cause this sacred torch to burn anew in the hearts of men. Let every man, young and old, give earnest heed to this question, and spread before the people facts which cannot be denied, arguments which challenge reply, principles which defy criticism. Then, let us hold up before all the world the chains of the mistreated laborer, and ask for his freedom; let us show his wounds and ask sympathy, for with the master-key of sympathy the door of every human heart can be opened; let us lift on high the pale faces of his children with the curse of ignorance blighting their lives, and a thrill of pity will strike through the great heart of the world!

As those who love the right and abhor the wrong, let us, in hearty approbation of rectitude and justice, seek to change public opinion, before whose frowning face the boldest leader weakens, before whose silent aversion the bravest chief quails and cowers. Let us seek to rectify the laws enacted with an eager desire to favor the strong and oppose the weak. Let us labor with an unselfish zeal to establish that perfect harmony, which knows no conflict, which recognizes no strife. God speed the day when in every heart there shall be planted that true spirit of brotherhood, so beautifully revealed in the life of Him, who is friend alike to the rich and to the poor!



A Series of Open Letters to His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons

No. 5

Your Eminence,

HOW could you have the heart to advise your priest-ridden people to renominate and re-elect Mr. Taft?

How could you consistently do it?

You are continually assuring "the world" that your church deals with things spiritual, only, and that you do not mix religion with politics. Yet you never fail to take a hand in a national election. All of you priests do it. From the pulpit itself, your petticoat prelates tell their parishioners how to vote.

For example, the New York priests told their congregations to oppose the election of Gaynor. They preached murderous sermons against him. As a natural consequence, one of your priest-ridden fanatics tried to murder him, and came near doing it. I asked you, Cardinal, to give us the name of the priest who was Gallaher's accomplice. *You remain silent.*

Over the identity of that murderous cleric, you throw the mantle of your clerical protection. That leaves you in a bad light, Cardinal.

Another example of priestly interference in politics was given in Milwaukee. In that city, the priests not only preached against Mayor Berger, but personally conducted the voters to the polls.

It was a fine American spectacle, to see the male hens leading the female hens to the ballot box.

Let me tell Your Eminence about the most recent exhibition of the resolute activity of your church in our politics.

The Tenth Congressional district of Georgia is composed of the counties of Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, McDuffie, Warren, Glascock, Taliaferro, Hancock, Baldwin and Wilkinson.

As you know quite well, the city of Augusta is situated in the county of Richmond. In Augusta, there is a stationary number of Roman Catholics. Their registered vote is less than 600. The non-Catholic vote is about 4,000. There is practically no Romanist vote in the other counties of the district.

In the contest, this year, there were two candidates. One of them is a drunkard, a gambler, a libertine, a man who uses money and whiskey in every campaign. The other is a Christian gentleman, guilty of no vices or crimes, able, cultured and conscientious.

Some ten years ago, he was serving in Congress. He was defeated by the use of lies, money and whiskey. His own county of Richmond gave him a large majority. His numerical majority in the entire district was 2,800. But the county-units were against him, and the county-units controlled.

As I say, he entered the race this year. He confidently expected the support of his own county. He had no suspicion that his Roman Catholic friends and neighbors would savagely antagonize him.

In the years gone by, he had courageously spoken against religious intolerance, in favor of the Catholic minority of Augusta.

A copy of his address was sent to you, Cardinal, by one of the delighted

Augusta Romanists, and you wrote back that you considered it one of the most original and forcible speeches on that subject that you had ever read.

You Romanists are always favorable to religious toleration where you are in the minority and get the benefit of it.

You are never favorable to religious liberty where you are in the majority and can persecute.

Is it not so, Cardinal? If not, please cite me to some history to the contrary.

The Congressional candidate to whom I allude is the Hon. William H. Fleming.

As soon as it became known in his home county of Richmond that I meant to support him, his Romanist friends and neighbors banded together, almost to a man, in the bitterest opposition.

They do not claim that he has ever said or done a single thing to offend them. They do not deny that he is the fittest man to represent them in Congress.

But because I, also, considered him the fittest man, they were determined to work and vote for the unfit man.

So exceedingly disagreeable a local situation was thereby created, that Mr. Fleming—a man of sensitiveness, easily affected by environment—has abandoned the contest.

In a letter which was widely published, he puts his withdrawal on two grounds:

(1) The rabid opposition of the 600 Romanists, led by one Dan Fogarty:

(2) The certainty that his opponent was flooding the district with money.

We will not discuss the question as to whether Mr. Fleming was *too* sensitive and too quick to capitulate—*that* is not germane.

The point is, that the Romanist *minority*, in one town of the Tenth Congressional has virtually declared that no man who secures my support shall escape their venomous hostility.

If a Romanist *minority* persecutes in that extreme manner, what would they do, if they were in the majority?

* * * * *

Returning to my original question—

How could you have the heart to virtually command Romanist voters to renominate and re-elect Mr. Taft?

He is the most obstinate enemy of the common people that has ever occupied the White House. He is the most pliant tool of the exploiters of the people who ever took the oath of office.

According to the Tariff Board expert, R. K. McLea, the Payne-Aldrich bill which Mr. Taft approved, has already robbed the consumers to the extent of $5,000,000,000.

Cardinal, that detestable law puts a tax of 165 per cent. upon the poor man's blanket.

It puts a tax of 250 per cent. upon the poor man's overcoat.

It puts such a tax on common clothing that it more than doubles the normal price.

On all the necessaries of life which the people *must* purchase, that infernal law doubles the price. Hence, the high cost of living. Hence, the starving man, woman and child. Hence, the despairing suicide. Hence, the boy and girl driven to vice and crime.

Want does not reach *you* in your palatial home, Cardinal.

Want does not reach President Taft with his $350,000 to live on—salary and extra allowances.

But, Cardinal, *Want* does linger about the homes of millions of your fellow creatures, like a wolf that will not go away, and which threatens to devour.

Cardinal, how *could* you interfere in politics, for a President who will not suffer Congress to relieve the distress of a pillaged people?

How *could* you become the ally of this President who, more than all others, has helped the strong to rob the weak, the privileged Few to despoil the Many?

Alexander Hamilton Stephens

Zeno I. Fitzpatrick, A.B., A.M.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born Feb. 11, 1812, in what was then Wilkes, but now Taliaferro County, Georgia, near the town of Crawfordville. It is a remarkable coincidence that he and his most intimate friend, the illustrious Robert Toombs, should have been born in the same county. Mr. Stephens was born of poor, but honest and highly respectable parents. He sprang from Irish stock and was fond of boasting of the fact. His parents named him simply "Alexander." He was prepared for college by an excellent teacher and worthy man by the name of Hamilton, and in appreciation of the interest taken in him by this preceptor he added Hamilton as his middle name. He was not named for Alexander Hamilton, the noted New York statesman and financier, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, as many people imagine. Our subject belonged to a different school of politics from the distinguished New Yorker.

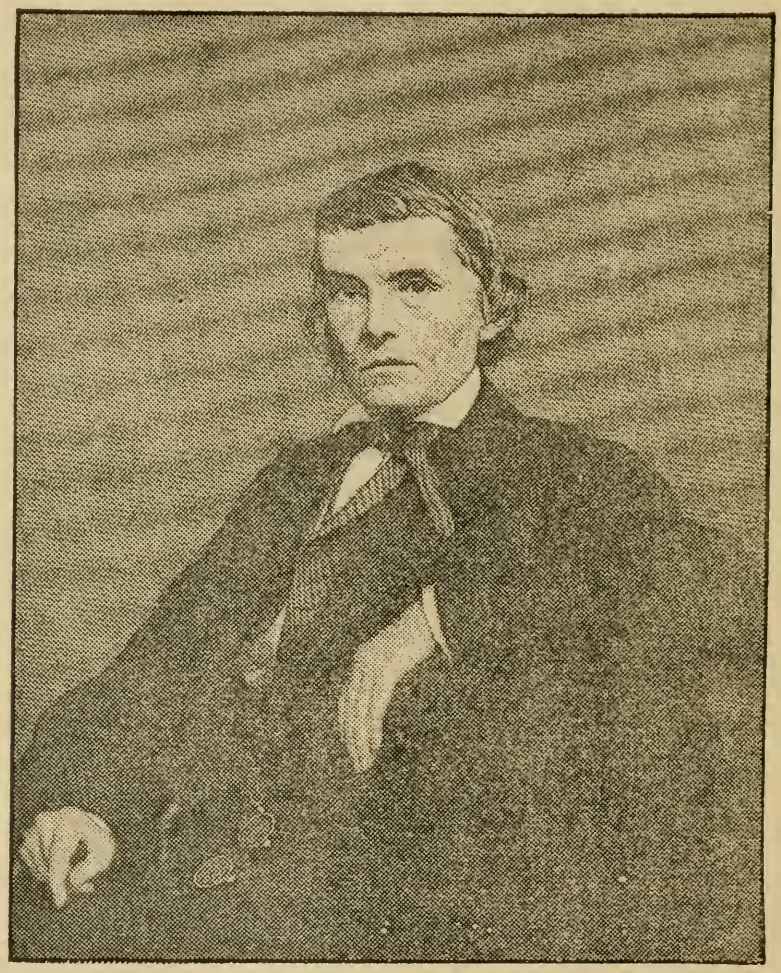
Mr. Stephens's father was a poor man as to this world's goods. He was a humble but efficient teacher and owned a small farm, which upon his death was sold and invested as a patrimony for his children. Mr. Stephens often told his friends that his share in his father's estate was four hundred dollars. Years after his father's death Mr. Stephens bought the old homestead and was the proud possessor of it until his death. Mr. Stephens was always extremely proud of the rugged honesty and good standing of his family, and was ever sympathetic and affectionate to the humblest member, however distantly related to him.

Mr. Stephens's first instructor was his father; but then he was a mere lad. After his father's death the youth was in the habit of attending Sunday-school regularly and promptly. His cheerful disposition, his bright mind, his constant politeness to all and his frail and sickly body attracted everyone to him. These were the things that caused his father's friends to place him in Professor Hamilton's school. Later the same traits prompted some ladies, members of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, to propose to give him a collegiate education at Franklin College, Athens, Ga., with the understanding that he should, upon graduation, become a Presbyterian minister.

In college Mr. Stephens was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, as indeed he was all through life. After he had completed his sophomore year he decided that he could not become a minister of the gospel. He made up his mind at that early date to become a lawyer. Immediately after this well-considered determination he promptly notified the charitable and kind-hearted ladies who had furnished the money to defray his expenses that he conscientiously felt he was not called to preach, and requested them to release him from his promise to do so, stating that he had used four hundred dollars of their money and declaring that he was ready to repay them, but frankly avowed that it would take every cent of his meagre patrimony to reimburse them. He informed them that he would be under many obligations to them if they would wait on him until he should complete his collegiate course, for the money. To this request they cheerfully yielded. Mr. Stephens then secured the four hundred dollars, all his father left him, and by a most rigid economy and self-denial went on through the junior and senior classes

and was graduated in the summer of 1832, sharing the first honor with William H. Crawford, Jr., son of Georgia's distinguished lawyer and statesman, who was at one time candidate for the exalted office of President of the United States, and would have been elected, in the opinion of many, but for the unfortunate malady that seized him in the midst of a most active and heated campaign.

Young Stephens was full of pride. After having been graduated and chosen valedictorian of his class, he was fearful that he could not appear on the rostrum to deliver his speech at Commencement, because he had exhausted his supply of funds and was unable to bedeck himself in the regulation broadcloth coat. But a well-disposed friend generously advanced the necessary cash, the proper garment was purchased and he spoke and won applause and fame as a youthful orator.



Alexander Hamilton Stephens

Then the question uppermost in his thoughts was how speedily to gain money enough to cancel his debts to his benefactresses. He obtained the position of assistant teacher in an

excellent male school in the then small town of Madison, the capital of Morgan County, noted for its famous red hills, beautiful women and wealthy planters. Here we find the young pedagogue earnestly laboring to "teach the young idea how to shoot." While he gave entire satisfaction as an instructor and was received in the best Middle Georgia families and well treated by all, the drudgery and close confinement of the school-room was galling to him in the extreme, and all the rest of his life he confessed to his friends that existence in those dreary days was a burden and that he was very unhappy.

After joyfully leaving Madison, young Stephens, through the intervention of his classmates, the young Lecontes, obtained a situation in the family of their father, a ripe scholar himself, and a large planter and owner of many slaves in Liberty County. Here, with congenial spirits and more favorable environment, Mr. Stephens was happy. Here, too, he did splendid work in preparing the young sons of Mr. Leconte for college. One of these was the justly celebrated Joseph H. Leconte, the eminent college professor and the author of a well-known and much used work on geology. Mr. Stephens was ever proud of the splendid achievements in the world of letters of his former pupil. The writer, while traveling in California in 1899, met this lovable and gentle scholar at the University of California at Berkeley, not far out from San Francisco. He informed the writer that he had always been as proud of his famous preceptor as the latter could possibly have been of him. He spoke in the highest terms of praise of Mr. Stephens's character and great intellect and ability, and declared very emphatically that he had always regarded Mr. Stephens as one of America's greatest and safest statesmen, and sagely remarked that the South had greatly erred in not following his advice concerning Secession and the Civil War.

We next find young Stephens a law student. He borrowed books from Mr. Quinea O'Neal, at that time ordinary of the new County of Taliaferro, and without the aid of any instructor studied the dusty legal volumes and in the almost incredible space of six weeks was ready to be admitted to the Bar after having passed a fine examination in open court with that mighty Georgia jurist, Joseph H. Lumpkin, as a member of the Committee on Examination. Judge Lumpkin congratulated him most heartily and predicted for him success in his chosen profession. Mr. Stephens was ever grateful to his noble friend, Mr. O'Neal, for the use of the county's law books, and afterward received him in old age and hoary locks and tottering steps as an honored permanent guest in his home at Libierty Hall, always reverently addressing him as "Parson." He treated him as a father, furnishing him a comfortable room and board at his table, as well as suitable clothing and even tobacco. Very soon after becoming a lawyer Mr. Stephens was elected to the legislature, having defeated in a warm political contest a Mr. Janes, an influential and wealthy planter. Mr. Stephens at once took a high stand as a legislator, and among many other useful measures strenuously advocated the policy of State aid to Wesleyan College, the first institution for the higher education of females in the world. He also took a bold and aggressive stand for the building by the State of that magnificent property still owned by Georgia, the Western & Atlantic Railroad, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn.

Stephens grew rapidly in reputation as an able lawyer, wise politician and safe man generally. He soon became the idol of the people of the old Eighth Congressional Dstrict, and in 1842 he was elected as a Whig to Congress. At once he took an active part in the proceedings of the House and

was recognized as an admirable debater and eloquent orator, and became a leader upon the floor. He was continuously a member of the House of Representatives until the year 1859, when he voluntarily retired to private life at Liberty Hall, his home, so well named and known, where he was wont to dispense open-handed hospitality. His home at Crawfordsville, in a large grove of grand oaks, was for many, many years the mecca toward which all, the rich and poor, the high and low, bent their steps; some to learn wisdom at his feet, and others to get needed rest and food. He always kept a tramp's room. So here could often be seen at his hospitable board the proud, aristocratic, imperial Toombs, and the poor, despised wanderer, both, in far different ways, enjoying their sojourn at "Little Aleck's."

When Mr. Stephens left Congress in the fifties, he told his friends that he had heard the rumblings of the coming storm, that he saw the wreck ahead, and that he had simply alighted from the onrushing fury at the first and most convenient station. He had quitted his beloved Whig party, and united with the Democratic party, which he had so often and fiercely assailed. When twitted about this he would laughingly say that he had brought the Democrats to him. While Little Aleck represented the old Eighth District in Congress, he was greatly loved by the voters, and became absolutely invincible. He was never defeated before the people for any office he ever asked of them. This writer heard him say more than once that Ben Hill and other great orators and debaters would meet him on the stump for the avowed purpose of defeating him and choosing another in his place, and he always was returned to Congress by increased majorities. For the purpose of showing how great a lawyer he was, we will tell how Mr. Stephens managed two noted cases in court, the one on the criminal side, and the other on the civil.

The first was the much talked of case of the State versus Willet, and was tried in Greene Superior Court in the early fifties. Judge Thomas G. Lawson, of Eatonton, himself a wonderfully strong lawyer, described this celebrated case in detail to the writer. Lawson was then at Mercer University in Penfield, Greene County. So were young Willet, a brother of one of the teachers of that excellent institution of learning, Professor Joseph E. Willet, and a young man named Janes. Willet was poor and possessed no worldly goods, while Janes was a member of that well-known and very wealthy family whose various members resided in their ante-bellum palaces amid their broad acres and countless slaves. Willet and Janes were classmates and bosom friends. They were as Damon and Pythias, boon companions. They had an engagement to call to see two young ladies together. Late in the afternoon before the time for this visit they had a game of marbles, and for some reason had a boyish quarrel and then a fight. Young Willet drew a penknife and stabbed Janes, killing him instantly. The Janeses, elder brothers, father and uncles of the dead boy, had Willet put in jail and avowed that they would have him convicted and executed, if money could do it. They employed, my recollection is, R. Toombs, F. H. Cone and Howell Cobb, and earnestly endeavored to get into this splendid array of legal talent Mr. Stephens, but he had made a resolution not to appear against any man on trial for life. The defense had next to no money and had got only one lawyer, then a youthful limb of the law, Augustus Reese, of Madison. Friends visited Willet in jail and urged him to employ other and more eminent counsel. His invariable reply was that he had no money. His brother, Professor Willet, finally decided to see

Mr. Stephens. He told him of his young brother's unfortunate predicament, and telling him they had but little money, begged him to assist Reese. Stephens cared nothing for money, but in reality he was anxious to appear in defense of that poor boy and to measure strength with his brother giants engaged for the prosecution. Judge Lawson said the whole county was wild over the case. The college faculty brought the entire student body into the chapel and said that they positively forbade any of the students attending the trial except the witnesses who had to go. But the boys were on fire to be present at the trial of their friend and fellow-student. They were threatened with expulsion from college if they should go. They had an independent meeting of their own and resolved solemnly to go in a solid body, knowing that the authorities could not afford to expel the whole school. So they all to a man went day after day for the solid week which the trial occupied. Judge Lawson said that this was the grandest legal battle that he ever saw or ever expected to see. In some way, it is needless to say how, Mr. Stephens got the conclusion. Reese spoke first for the defense and made a good speech. Then came the erudite and brainy Cone, who tore Reese's arguments into shreds. When he concluded his mighty effort Lawson said things looked dark and foreboding for the boy prisoner at the bar. Then spoke Howell Cobb, and he made a masterly and terribly strong speech, and all imagined they could see the fatal rope around the poor boy's neck. Then the fiery and thundering Toombs took his stand before the jury and painted in words that burned the base ingratitude of poor Willet, who had wilfully murdered his friend and daily companion, who had lavished his money freely upon him, and had times innumerable lent him his fine horse and buggy to take young ladies to ride, and had shown him many similar favors. When the powerful orator and marvelous lawyer concluded everyone saw poor Willet's body dangling in the air between Heaven and earth. Toombs finished about three o'clock on Thursday. Mr. Stephens arose and, telling the presiding judge that he was physically tired, requested him to adjourn for the day. This was done. That afternoon and night the case was the sole theme of conversation. The general opinion was that Little Aleck, with all his eloquence and power with a jury, would be unable to stem the tide seemingly about to overwhelm his unfortunate client. For the entire week the court had been meeting at an unusually early hour. The following day Stephens concluded for the defense. The matchless orator and advocate soon had the judge, jury and immense throng completely under the spell of his resistless eloquence. He showed how the boys had been friends and loved each other—that Willet could not possibly have had malice; that he had in a sudden fit of passion struck his beloved associate with a small knife, not intending to do him bodily hurt, but had most unfortunately slain him. He pictured the prisoner as penniless—without influential friends. He vividly portrayed the wealth and great power and influence of the large Janes family; he complimented the distinguished lawyers on the other side for their able speeches, but said that all were hounding the poor boy to death. Then Mr. Stephens described graphically how prisoners in olden times were accustomed to flee for their lives to the cities, once within whose protecting walls they were safe from all harm. The sympathetic man and convincing lawyer concluded with words like these: "Gentlemen of the Jury, here comes the boy running for his very life, hotly pursued by a horde of angry, bloodthirsty and wealthy relatives of the lamented dead youth, and by an array of lawyers unsurpassed in the country for eloquence and power.

This fleeing prisoner, gentlemen, is rushing with headlong speed for the City of Refuge, and I need not tell you that you twelve constitute that blessed asylum of safety."

The jury, after receiving the charge of his Honor, retired and in a few minutes returned the verdict: "We, the Jury, find the prisoner not guilty."

The other case, a civil one, was the important will case of DuPre, of Oglethorpe County. This will was contested on the ground that it did not comply with the requirements of the law. It was conceded by all that the testator had the will drawn up as he wished it; that he himself signed it and the three necessary witnesses signed. But it was said by some that, before DuPre signed, one of the witnesses went into an adjoining room just for a moment to get a drink of water. When he returned DuPre remarked to him he had signed, and the witness replied that he knew his handwriting, and he himself then signed. The will was admitted to be regular and drawn up according to law with but one impediment, the testator and all the witnesses had not signed in the presence of each other. This, then, was the point in controversy. Gen. Robert Toombs and Hon. B. H. Hill were employed to break the will, and Judge Linton Stephens was retained to defend it. Some of the witnesses in court swore positively that all the witnesses to the will had signed in each other's presence, while other court witnesses swore that the witness who left the room for water had not seen the others sign. This apparently trivial matter was the issue in this will case involving three hundred thousand dollars. The case had been tried two or three times in the Superior and Supreme Courts, when Judge Linton Stephens died. At that time Alexander H. Stephens was dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism and had to go around on crutches. He was not engaged in the practice of law at all, but Judge Stephens's widow, after frequent appeals to him, prevailed upon him to take the place of her deceased husband in the case. Thus it came about that Little Aleck, as the people of Georgia affectionately called him, after many years' absence from the court-house, was again pressed into service as a lawyer to represent the interests of his beloved brother's widow and orphan children. It must have been a sight to the good people of Lexington and Oglethorpe County generally to behold their favorite orator, lawyer and statesman, slowly and painfully hobbling up the court-house steps on those crutches to win a fee for his loved ones! We can see them now, wild with delight over his reappearance among them after so prolonged an absence. But the old "warhorse," once again in the arena of his former triumphs, was eager for his last legal battle with Toombs and Hill, foes worthy of any man's steel. The case was gone over again and all three of the great lawyers, of course, made able arguments and eloquent appeals. But we are concerned more particularly with Mr. Stephens's management of the case. We have been reliably informed that he made a great speech and concluded by frankly admitting that the testimony of the witnesses was conflicting, then raising his shrill voice to a high pitch he exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the Jury, after mature consideration of this case, I give it to you as my deliberate and honest opinion, both as a lawyer and as a man, that DuPre and all the witnesses signed that will in accordance with the law."

The jury brought in their verdict, going with "Little Aleck" and sustaining the will.

This writer has traveled all over the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, and wherever he has been, men, upon learning that he was from Georgia, would say that his State had produced many great statesmen, but they considered Mr. Stephens the

State's wisest and safest leader. They would usually remark in effect that Stephens's speech against Secession was almost like prophecy. It may be said now that everybody sees the wisdom of Stephens's position when he declared that the South had the right to secede, but it was inexpedient. He contended that the North would overpower the South because it had more men, more money, a better navy, and, above all, the South had the whole world against her on account of slavery. Again Stephens showed his statesmanship when he so zealously urged his people to remain in the Union which they had helped to form, and fight, if fight they must, under the old flag. All can readily see now that if this course had been adopted, many friends of the South in the North, and especially in the West, would not have fought against her. The North had been taught by Webster and others to believe in the Union, just as the South had been prepared by Calhoun and his allies to believe in State Rights.

Another suggestion by Stephens was the very essence of wisdom and foresight, and that was that the South should call upon her patriotic sons, the wealthy planters, to turn over their cotton to the Confederate Government and take its obligation to pay them in the future. Then England, which was clamoring for cotton, was to be informed that it was owned by the Government and she could get it by coming after it. England would have sent her ships accompanied by gunboats for this cotton. Stephens's plan was to sell the cotton, put the proceeds in the Bank of England, and buy a navy. He also advised, in the beginning of the war, that able-bodied negroes be drafted into the army, and officered by white men and given their freedom. He said that the North would use them thus if the South did not. This was done by the North. The position taken by Stephens just prior to the great Civil War made him very popular at the North, which regarded him as the South's ablest statesman. But later, when he followed his State, after it had disregarded his advice, and had become second officer in the newly established Government, the North thought he had repudiated his own position and thus showed weakness. Gen. R. E. Lee acted exactly like Stephens. All their lives these distinguished men had been taught, and wisely taught, to give their allegiance to their States. Mr. Stephens, during the war, became unpopular in the South. Many thought he had antagonized the Government at Richmond, and, consequently, was not a loyal man and true patriot. He was sharply censured for quitting the capital and repairing to his home at Crawfordsville. He said many times to the writer that the Richmond authorities would pay no attention to any suggestion from him, and as he was not chosen chief, his self-respect prevented him from remaining among those who would not listen to him, and so he went home to Georgia and let the administration have its own way, unmolested by him.

Much has been said about the celebrated Hampton Roads conference between President Lincoln et al., and Vice-President Stephens et al. Just what was said and done will be a subject of controversy for many years.

This writer, honestly endeavoring to give a fair, unbiased and truthful sketch of his old teacher, warm personal friend and favorite statesman, deliberately makes the following statement concerning this question, and he bases it absolutely and entirely upon various talks with Mr. Stephens at Liberty Hall. Mr. Stephens and his fellow-commissioners had no authority from the Richmond Government to act for the Confederacy. President Jefferson Davis wished them to confer with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward and ascertain what might be done. Mr. Stephens repeated to me many times

that Mr. Lincoln, who had served in Congress many years with him, and who was his friend, asked him at the very beginning: "What authority from Jefferson Davis have you to do something at this meeting?" Mr. Stephens said that he had to tell him he had no authority at all. Then Lincoln politely told him that his mission amounted to nothing, and that he had as well stayed at home. The impression made upon the writer during a stay of eight months as a boarder at Mr. Stephens's home, famous Liberty Hall, was that President Davis, while himself a great statesman, was somewhat jealous of Stephens, and that was the true reason why Mr. Davis would never take any kind of advice from him, although the people had made him second in office, and, furthermore, Davis was unwilling for Stephens in that conference to make any reputation as the man to bring about a cessation of war.

This is a mere fraction of what the writer could say of what Stephens told. Mr. Stephens said that old Abe Lincoln, here as elsewhere, had to get off his jokes. It was very cold when Mr. Stephens and his party boarded Lincoln's boat. Mr. Stephens had on two overcoats. Mr. Lincoln's warm, comfortable room soon caused Stephens to take off his greatcoat, whereupon Lincoln smiled and winked at Seward. Bye and bye Stephens took off the second coat, and Lincoln could restrain himself no longer, but laughingly said that Stephens was the smallest nubbin for so many shucks that he ever saw. At another time Stephens said that he, in arguing some point, referred to an old English authority in the time of King Charles the First. Lincoln, interrupting him, told him if he wished to discuss English history he must address his words to William L. Seward, that he himself knew next to nothing about it, and in fact, all he knew about Charles the First was that he had been informed that Charles lost his head. In passing, it may be told that Stephens had a high admiration and personal esteem for Mr. Lincoln. He often told us that Lincoln was a kindly disposed man, a loyal friend, a great statesman and a true patriot from his viewpoint.

One of the finest traits in the character of Aleck Stephens was his great love and devotion to his half-brother, Linton Stephens. The older brother was eleven years the senior of the younger. Aleck had become quite prominent and was making money when Linton became large enough to attend school. He took great pains in having Linton properly prepared for college. While Linton was at Franklin College it was Aleck's custom to write to him almost daily for the purpose of encouraging him in the pursuit of knowledge and in aiding him in his more difficult studies. After Linton was graduated at Athens Mr. Stephens secured the services of the celebrated jurist and scholar, Judge Storey, as Linton's instructor in law. He later was graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Linton was then taken into partnership with his brother and soon became an able lawyer. At a comparatively early age he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State by Governor J. E. Brown, and made an enviable reputation on the bench. Mr. Stephens, having educated Judge Stephens, looked upon him as much a son as brother, and was ever very proud of him. The two Stephenses and Gen. Robert Toombs were as close and tintimate as friends could be. The General was ever ready to do anything in his power for either. The two brothers loved the great and fiery old statesman with a devotion rarely seen.

They were loyal to him upon all occasions. Woe be unto that person who said aught against Toombs to either of the brothers! Such a one would have a fight upon his hands.

The Curse of Unrestricted Immigration

THE criminal conditions in the large cities has brought attention as never before, to the question of limiting the immigration of illterates from the old world.

Martin Dies, a Representative from Texas, made many fine points in his speech on May twenty-second. His arguments were able, and yet little has been done to restrict the class of undesirables that annually swamp the ports of entry.

Said Mr. Dies:

The status of the question of foreign immigration can be briefly stated. In 1907 the friends of restriction proposed to enact a law against the admission of illiterate foreigners into the United States. By the illiterate is meant those foreigners over fourteen years of age who can neither read nor write in any language. The illiteracy test was sidetracked by Congress in 1907 by appointment of a commission to look into the whole question and report to Congress. The committee spent something like four years' time and a million dollars of the people's money making the investigation. They reported in favor of the illiteracy test.

During this session of Congress a bill prescribing the illiteracy test has passed the Senate. A similar bill has been favorably reported to the House from its Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

A majority of the Senate have already signified their approval of the bill.

No man doubts that the lower House is overwhelmingly in favor of it.

Then, in the name of common sense, why do we not pass the bill?

The farmers' unions and the labor organizations all over the country have demanded this very law year in and year out for a decade. A great majority of patriotic Americans in every walk of life are in favor of staying the tide of ignorant and vicious immigration.

What, then, is the matter that this bill to keep out 200,000 a year of the illiterate from the south and east of Europe is being strangled and smothered?

We hear a good deal about progression and progressives. Here, my brethren, is an opportunity for genuine progress. Where are the progressives?

We hear a flood of talk about giving more power to the people. It is undeniably true that the lower the percentage of a people's intelligence is the less power they can safely exercise and that the higher the rate of intelligence the more power they can safely exercise.

Here, then, is a chance for real progressives. Help me to keep out this annual 200,000 illiterates and thus make it possible for the people to exercise greater power.

I call to arms the real progressives of both parties. You are needed today to save this wholesome measure from being sandbagged behind the doors of the rules committee. We have had many progressive words and now we are in sore need of progressive works. Of progressive declamation we have been well supplied. Today we need progressive deeds.

Mark you, this illiteracy test has been recommended by the Immigration Commission appointed under the direction of Congress; a bill following that recommendation has passed the Senate; a similar bill has been reported to this House with a recommendation that it pass. And yet, sir, I am told that this measure is to be chloroformed to death in the secret conclaves of leaders who have fooled the people into the belief that they are struggling desperately for progressive legislation.

The simple truth is, that it is the same old game of politics. The election is coming on. The foreign element in the great cities and elsewhere are very watchful; they are against restrictive immigration; they want the dumping to continue. That is, not all of them are of this way of thinking, but a very large majority are. On the other hand, the farmers' unions, the labor organizations, and patriotic Americans generally want this bill passed, but those who are for the bill are not watchful and active. They have neither threatened nor promised. But that is not the case with those who are opposing this measure. They are active, watchful, and ready to punish or reward, as the result inclines them.

The power of self-government is the power of intelligence, and yet we admit into this Republic every twelve months almost a million ignorant foreigners. They are being clothed with the ballot in largely increasing numbers.

They are congesting the slums of the cities.

They are vexing and perplexing every social, economic, and political question.

They are incapable of self-government. Why do not we restrict this undesirable immigration?

Because we are a lot of vote-catching trimmers, and we are just now engaged in juggling the cards for an advantage in the November election.

This Congress — this progressive Congress—weeping and idolizing at the feet of Roosevelt, Clark, or Wilson, is crying progress in a loud voice, and preparing to smother legislation to keep out of the United States illiterate foreigners who can neither read nor write in any language.

Strange it is, passing strange, that men crying that the people should have more power, that government should be brought nearer the people, should either actively conspire for or supinely submit to the strangling of this immigration measure.

Do you suppose the people of Italy or Russia are capable of free government? You know they are not, because if they were capable they would have free government.

And still you sit here unconcerned while the great steamship companies unload the worst element of those countries upon our shores by the million, to mix and mingle with you in the solution of the problems of free government. The strangling of this legislation is a cowardly piece of business. Cry progress. Cry that you are Democratic or Republican progressives, and yet you let a million from the south and east of Europe dump themselves upon our shores every twelve months, to depress the wages of our labor, debase the standard of living, and complicate every political problem that vexes our statesmanship. You need not tell me that this is not a serious matter. Nearly 200,000 of these foreigners were converted into qualified voters last year. For the most part these new-made suffragans live in the cities and their votes are controlled by the city bosses that we hear so much about.

I believe in free government. I believe that it is possible for a virtuous, intelligent people to govern themselves. I believe such a people can get along without kings to govern them. But while I believe in the feasibility of free institutions amongst people who are enlightened and patriotic, I know that ignorance and vice are the death of free governments. Liberty can not live in an atmosphere of ignorance. History, ancient and modern, teaches the lesson that free governments can only endure among peoples who possess the intelligence to know the right and the virtue to do it.

I am a progressive if that means progress, but I am disgusted with those who use the progressive movement

merely for the purpose of making political progress for themselves. I have faith in the power of the people to separate the chaff from the wheat, the fustain from the good cloth, and in this progressive movement the people must and will distinguish between words and works, declamation and deeds.

I have struggled for reform all my life, and I shall continue the fight. As an old reformer, as a progressive who has been in the cause almost a quarter of a century, I know that our worst enemies are the recent converts, who, in order to prove to the people that their conversion is genuine, feel called upon to advocate radical and extreme measures. I have in mind at this moment a certain Republican politician who is now a candidate for the first office in the Republic, having heretofore held that office for seven and a half years. This gentleman, in the matter of mere sound, the volume of words, and vehement declamation, is the greatest of all progressives, living or dead. But in the matter of works, of actual performance, he is a snare and a delusion. During his incumbency of the office of President, there were more trusts formed than during any other period of our history. This gentleman actually solemnized the article of union between the Steel Trust and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. He declined to have the Harvester Trust prosecuted. He dismissed Judson Harmon from office because Harmon took the position in a trust case that "guilt is personal," and this gentleman is trying to convince the public that he is the foe of trusts.

For a hundred years the Democratic Party has struggled for an honest administration of the tariff laws. We are in the sight of victory. This so-called progressive steps in and by a mere volume of sound convinces lots of innocent tariff reformers that he is their champion. Why, in all the years Roosevelt was President he never said a word about reducing the tariff.

The country does not know very much about what happened with Roosevelt behind the doors, but we do know that so far as the record is concerned he made no effort to reduce the tariff or the high cost of living, and that he dwelt in perfect peace and good will with all the trusts. (Applause on the Democratic side.)

But I am straying from my theme. The most vital question in American politics today is the proper restriction of foreign immigration. We are taking into the body of our citizenship a great mass of new population that is not fitted for the task of self-government. The primary object of those who boost this influx is to get cheap labor, and the primary effect is to reduce the wage rate. That is bad enough. You put labor on the free list by your laws of immigration and then in your tariff laws you tax the laborer in all he buys.

But there is another and an inevitable effect which is bound to follow this large immigration. We are beginning to feel it now. That effect will be to change the whole complexion of our political institutions. We are already observing a decrease of that patience, wisdom, and self-restraint which characterized the political conduct of our forebears. Respect for the Constitution and laws of our country are on the wane. Every magazine reader of a new idea wants it enacted into law. The craze is for change, for something new, for radical innovations.

You call me a pessimist, and I am afraid I am sometimes. But I think a little pessimism now and then is not so bad as indiscriminate optimism. The captain of the ill-fated *Titanic* was warned of icebergs ahead, but he saw only the bright side; he was an optimist, and he believed his ship could not sink. If he had been more of a pessimist, he would have slackened the speed of his vessel and kept a stricter

lookout. And so it is today, my colleagues, with our great ship of state. History, experience, wisdom, all warn us that there is peril in this enormous influx of foreign immigration. The captain may laugh on the bridge; the first-class passengers may revel in unconcern at the banquet table; and the steerage may slumber away in ignorance and indifference, but as sure as history repeats itself and human experience affords a guide for our feet, this great mass of ignorant immigration will result in the detriment if not the destruction of our institutions. If this is pessimism, then I am a pessimist.

I confess that I am sorely disappointed about ths matter. I have worked and waited for a long time to bring about this reform, and now that all is ready and victory is in sight, it sickens my soul to be cheated at the last moment by the cry of expediency.

But some day, and not far distant, I hope, the American people will become aroused over this question, and we will not stop at an illiteracy test, but the test will be capability of self-government.

I want our party to succeed, but over and above that I want this Republic to succeed. The way for a party to succeed is to make itself worthy of success.

There is not room for more than one Socialist Party in this country, and I am willing for Berger and Debs to have a monopoly of socialism.

All that Democracy needs to do in this hour is to stand for the principles of Democracy; for an honest revision of the tariff, an economical administration of the Government, control and regulation of the corporations, and a patriotic change of our immigration and naturalization laws. We do not need to seek out new and strange gods to follow, but it rather behooves us to return to the old-time religion of our Democratic fathers. Let others be led by fads and follies, if they will, but for the hosts of Democracy their paths are well marked and their duty is plain.

Franklin Buchanan, Admiral, C. S. Navy

Dr. G. L. B. Rounseville

FRANKLIN BUCHANAN was born in Baltimore, Md., on September 19th, 1800. He was a grandson of Governor McKeon, of Pennsylvania, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

When a youth he resided in Philadelphia, and was appointed a midshipman from Pennsylvania. He entered the United States Navy on January 8th, 1815, and became a lieutenant January 13th, 1825, and made Master-Commander September 8th, 1841. The organizing of the United States Naval Academy was committed to him, and he was made its first superintendent at Annapolis, where he served from 1845 to 1847. During the Mexican War he took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, co-operated with General Scott in landing troops and was one of the leading spirits there at the capture of San Juan d'Ulloa.

In 1852, President Filmore sent an expedition to Japan under command of Commodore Mathew Calbrait Pery, intrusting him with letters for the purpose of establishing trade and diplomatic relations with that country. Lieutenant Buchanan was in charge of the flagship of Commodore Pery's squadron, and was among the first to step foot on the soil of Japan, which opened the ports of that erst forbidden land to the world at large. Upon Lieutenant Buchanan's return, he was raised to the rank of captain in 1855. In 1861 he was in command of the Washington Navy Yard, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, he resigned from the United States Navy, intending to follow his State in secession, but afterwards asked to be reinstated. Upon the refusal of his request, he entered the Confederate Navy as captain and was assigned to duty as Chief of Orders and Details in Richmond, Virginia. On the 19th of April, 1861, Virginia seceded, and by an agreement between General Taliaferro, commanding the Virginia forces, and Commodore McCauley, of the United States Navy, no vessel should be removed from Norfolk, or Hampton Roads, nor a shot fired, unless in self-defence. A couple of months afterwards a fire broke out in the Norfolk Navy Yard,

Admiral Franklin Buchanan, C. S. Navy

and the two beautiful frigates, the Germantown and the Merrimac, caught fire and were scuttled.

In the course of events the Merrimac was raised by the Virginians, and on plans devised by Lieutenant Brooks, C. S. N., converted her hull, with such means as was available, into an ironclad vessel.

She was rechristened the Virginia.

On February 24th, 1862, Captain Buchanan was ordered to the command of the Virginia.

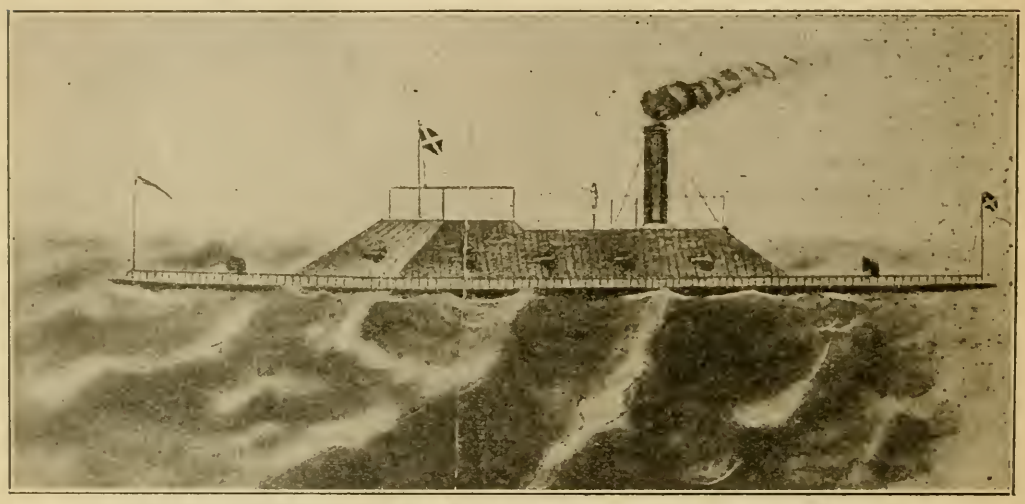
On March 8th, 1862, the Battle of Hampton Roads was fought.

The Virginia was a large vessel, and drew so much water, her engines being not of sufficient capacity, it was almost impossible to maneuver her, and with a speed of only five miles an hour was at great disadvantage. During the first day of the fight Captain Buchanan was severely wounded, and was relieved of the command of the Virginia, Commodore Josiah Tatwall succeeding thereto.

The Monitor, an iron-clad vessel which was invented by John Erricson, but had not been accepted by the Federal Government, was sent to Hampton Roads for trial, and arrived just in time to participate in the battle. This type of vessel, from which the name Monitor sprang, was a nearly submerged hull, with a round, revolving turret, in which the guns were placed. This vessel was of lighter draught, more speedy, and after several days of running fight the Virginia was beached in a sinking condition.

The Confederate Congress was in session when the Battle of Hampton Roads was fought, and shortly after passed a bill creating the grade of Admiral in the Navy, to which position Captain Buchanan was nominated by the President, and confirmed by the Senate on August 31st, 1862. When Admiral Franklin Buchanan recovered from his wounds he was placed in charge of the defences at Mobile, the ram Tennessee, another type of iron-clad, had been constructed and was in commission in Mobile Bay.

On the 4th of August, 1864, Fort Gaines was attacked on the beach side by the Feeeral forces under Admiral Faragut, but after a weak resistance surrendered. The next day Admiral Faragut entered Mobile Bay with four monitors, fourteen steam vessels, carrying one hundred and ninety-nine guns and two thousand, seven hundred men.



The Iron-Clad "Virginia"

Admiral Buchanan had three wooden boats—the Morgan, six guns; the Gaines, six guns; the Selma, four guns, and the ram Tennessee, four guns; in all, twenty guns, and four hundred and seventy men.

For hours the Tennessee was the target of Admiral Faragut's entire fleet, and at times was rammed by four boats at a time. The rain of shot and shell was terrible; with smokestack gone, her steering-gear disabled, her steam gone down, and not being able to move, or fire a gun, her ports being jammed,

and under the fearful onslaught of shot and shell, Admiral Buchanan severely wounded in the leg, Captain Johnson at the advice of Admiral Buchanan, surrendered.

Admiral Buchanan, with many others, was taken prisoner, and sent to New Orleans, but afterwards was transferred with other officers to Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor, where he suffered for a long time before his wounds healed.

After the war, Admiral Buchanan became the president of the Agricultural College of Maryland. In all the various positions he held during an active life, he not only acquitted himself with great credit and honor, but left a legacy of order, discipline and gentlemanly bearing that leaves its impress to the present time.

Franklin Buchanan died May 11, 1874, at the "Rest," his residence in Talbot County, Maryland, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Celebrated Men

Donn Pratt

Roscoe Conkling

HOW few are the orators capable of burying Cæsar, as compared to the number prepared to praise, the late Mark Antony and the living Ingersoll illustrate.

Death not only challenges effort, but in its dread mystery evokes sorrow and sympathy. It is a great misfortune to die, and the surviving friends and relatives seek consolation in tears and praise that are equally vain and senseless. The poor unfortunates have condensed eulogies engraved on their tombs, while the more conspicuous are treated to orations, and,

"When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what they were, but what they should have been."

In the burial of our latest Cæsar, it was well that the pagan Ingersoll should be selected to eulogize the dead. To bury Cæsar is to put body and character alike out of sight. To praise is not to bury the past, with his bones, but to call the spirit from its forgetfulness, and keep alive its character and career among the living. Our pagan orator had little logic and less imagination; but a delicate fancy plays upon the surface, like sunlight on water, leaving all the depths untouched and undisturbed. Out of the dead Conkling he constructed a great shade that has about as much resemblance to the original as the fantastic folds of a fog-bank have to the marsh from which it originated.

Through all the glittering sentences of the oration we look in vain for some proof that the dead politician was a statesman—or an orator. No measure is told of that he originated or sustained for the betterment of the masses he represented; no one sentence is recalled, of all the speeches, that humanity cares to remember.

He was an honest man, cried our pagan orator; and it is a sad commentary on our civil service that the highest praise awarded a dead official is that he died poor. Have we come to such a pass that a man holding high honors, who failed to take advantage of his trust and so rob the public to fill his private purse, leaves this as his only claim to memory? Such is

the fact; and no man did more to fetch upon this deplorable condition than the dead Cæsar the orator Ingersoll would not bury.

We were content to have had the wreaths fade and the moss grow upon a tomb, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, wherein were hid the evil deeds of a noted character; for Roscoe Conkling had been for many years out of public life. But to have this picturesque but exceedingly unpleasant person held before the people as a model of excellence is more than our sense of propriety will allow. To speak ill of the dead means a wanton asault on a memory; and after all, the late New York politician did not originate the wrong he made crime, but only practiced upon a system he found ready to his unscrupulous hand. We could well leave the grave to hide the evil he had done, in the memory of what he might have been with other environments, but we cannot consent to this mischievous attack on the integrity of a memory that yet lies within the memory of the living.

Roscoe Conkling was an honest man, if by honesty we mean the clean hands with which he left public life. And yet no man ever lived who covered with his eloquence and concealed behind his high character so much impurity. Too proud to steal himself, he was not too pure to wink at theft in others. He was not only willing his henchmen and allies should steal, but he hastened to shut off all investigation and protect criminals from being made convicts, and convicts from being punished. Of course this eminent man would have scorned to defend a common fence for vulgar stealings; but when the administration itself, in the hands of the highest officials of the best government under the sun, went into the business, the elevation of the criminals lifted crime into respect, and the Senatorial robes could be spread unsoiled to cover and conceal the swag of an administration.

All this was not without compensation. The able advocate who, returning to practice at the bar, made a fortune every year in retainers alone, by pleading cases before judges of his own creation, was not the man to make a present of his powers as an advocate to a combination that was as heartless as it was unpatriotic and corrupt.

God knows Grant's administration needed not only such a defender, but precisely such a bold, unscrupulous leader. It was his task to marshal and hold to the front the Republican party in Congress. There were a few conscientious men there who sickened at the corruption; and there were many timid men there who were startled at the half-hidden mines of dynamite over which they were called to march. Conkling inspired the one with courage and the other with confidence.

This was a huge contract, an undertaking that might well appall a less resolute and more conscientious man. We came out of the late Civil War with three armies left over for the Government to care for. One was an army of thieves, the other of prostitutes, and the third of cripples. All three of these armies moved on the capitol. They found in command there the man who, being considered the greatest captain of his century, from the fact of his being on horseback when the Confederacy fell from sheer exhaustion, had been made a political platform of, and ruled the country as he had the army, on a principle that made the Justices of the Supreme Court members of his staff, and members of Congress his subordinate officers.

Under this system of administration, so ignorant that it almost defies belief, fraud ran riot, and the foulest corruption sapped the very foundations of the solid political fabric erected by the fathers. The corridors of the capitol were crowded with a lobby made up of fast men and

loose women, upon whose admantine checks iniquity was fairly enameled. The departments were given over to cunning schemers, who depleted a treasury filled to overflowing by a war tax that had kept a million of men in the field. At the executive mansion the very air was heavy with a sewer-gas of moral corruption, and the Cabinet itself was embarassed by penitentiary liens upon its members.

From all this foul environment Roscoe Conkling walked apart. No lobbyist, nor dishonest contractor, nor fraudulent official dared approach him. He held a position where he could have winked himself into millions. He had that strange personality and pride of character that made the slightest intimation of personal wrong-doing an insult. And yet this did not prevent his defending wrong in others. He, however, illustrated the truth of Walpole's misquoted saying, which tells us that every man has his price. Conkling's price was political power, and it was freely given him.

No prominent man ever lived so poorly equipped to be a popular leader as Roscoe Conkling. To the vanity of a woman he added a manner at once so offensive and aggressive, that it was said of him that he made an enemy whenever he shook a hand. And yet these very qualities gave strength to the control awarded him in a corrupted civil service by the President. In return for his support of the administration he was given full, unrestrained, and complete control of the patronage of New York. His constituency was shifted from New York to the executive mansion. His adroit colleague from New York was so amazed to find the atmosphere about the President so chilly, and his recommendations treated with such contempt, that he was forced from office. Official patronage is the breath of life to a Senator, and Conkling's associate had to be a slave or a cipher in order to hold his empty honors in the chamber.

Such was Conkling's hold on Grant that his brother Republican Senators feared to offend him; for they saw but too clearly that when a Senator refused to acknowledge his imperious leadership, political death was that Senator's immediate fate. Thus it was that Sumner found himself deprived of his Senatorial prominence, and Carl Schurz was relegated to private life. Detested by the Democrats, distrusted by the Republicans, and feared by all, yet such was the power of the patronage given to his especial use, that he stalked the chamber with the pride and insolence of a dictator, and marshaled his forces as if they were slaves dreading the crack of a whip. And he won his spurs. No scandal drifted near the White House, no attack by reformers or Democrats threatened the Executive, that Roscoe Conkling did not start up, gun in hand, to repel the threatened danger.

When, for example, the San Domingo infamy reached the public, and it became known how a combine had bought for a mere song a rotten debt of a negro government, and sought through annexation to fetch their bonds to par, Sumner asailed it; and while Conkling's resonant voice was echoing along the fretted ceiling of the Senate chamber, the President of the United States occupied the lobby, hat in hand, using his personal influence to force the infamy through.

In like manner the French arms outrage, sanctioned by Grant and sustained by Conkling, was fought over in the Senate. But five hundred pages would not serve to tell of the iniquities conceived at one end of the avenue and concealed under thunders of eloquence at the other. Roscoe Conkling could be awakened at midnight not only without offense, but eager for the fray. He paid well for

the corrupted use of official patronage given without reserve into his hands.

We have said he was distrusted by his Republican associates and detested by all. That the distrust was not without foundation, his conduct in the Tilden-Hayes contest abundantly justifies. Conkling saw Grant's term of office drawing to a close, and well knew that Grant's successor could not be depended upon for a constituency. If he had any doubt of this, the nomination of Hayes at Cincinnati solved it beyond question. The cold, quiet, self-possessed, politically unknown man of Ohio was the equal of Conkling in intelligence, and his superior in force of character. Modest of manner, he was yet self-possessed and positive in his personality. He was not the man to be the tool of the moneyed combinations about Washington, nor dependent on any man in the Senate for a vindication of character or career. Conkling could not afford to have such a Republican succeed the rough, ignorant soldier who had so long served him as a constituency. Roscoe could afford to have a Democrat President, as in that case he could put the Executive between himself and his humble office-holders and office-seekers.

Now, had Roscoe Conkling risen in his place in the Senate and denounced the purposed inauguration of Hayes as an infamous outrage, he would have won for himself all that Ingersoll had uttered in his eulogy. He did nothing of that sort, but, continuing in caucus with his Republican associates, he intrigued with the Democracy to the ruin of his friends. He was the author of the electoral bill that meant the Hon. David Davis to hold the casting vote; and so clear were his tracks and ill-concealed his motives, that a Republican Senate treated him to the discourtesy of refusing him a position on the very commission he had conceived and carried through to a law.

During Hayes' administration, the shadow of the picturesque Senator never darkened the doors of the executive mansion. Under the rule of the Ohio lawyer the moral atmosphere cleared, and the moneyed combinations disappeared from about the departments. They lingered about the lobbies of Congress in a shame-faced sort of way, lacking the sanction of the Executive and the support of Senatorial eloquence. St. Edmunds came to the front, and, sustained by the ample cloak of philanthropy that covered the class legislation of a paternal government and in the name of God robbed somebody, Conkling's occupation seemd a dream of the past.

Roscoe Conkling's exit from public life was in keeping with his startling career. Restless under the loss of power, he conceived the violation of our unwritten constitution in a third term of Grant. History tells how this was defeated by Blaine and enjoyed by Garfield. We all know how the Achilles sulking in his tent was brought to the field by a solemn compact that was to restore the able politician to his breath of life—his source of power found in the official patronage of the great State of New York. This compact was violated in the selection of James G. Blaine as Secretary of State. That selection sealed the doom of both the President and Conkling, for the resignation of one was followed by the assassination of the other. The Senator of a sovereign State threw up his high office because he could no longer control the patronage found in a rotten civil service; and the crack of an assassin's pistol told the world that our civil service, steeped to the chin in corruption, had culminated in murder.

Of course no sane mind connects Conkling, directly, with the crime of Guiteau; and yet the revolver fired at Washington was loaded at Utica. Fraud breeds violence, and the men who plot treason against good govern-

ment are sure to find some one, more zealous or insane than the rest, to put their scheming to the proof of expression in act.

This is the story of Conkling's public career, and it finds significance in being the story of our civil service. Are the good citizens of the great Republic, who seek to send down to their children's children the blessings of self-government, prepared to condone the fearful wrong, because of a sickly sentimentality that would bury in one narrow grave all memory of a crime that covers a continent in its evil consequences?

Progress and Politics

Alfred Henry Lewis
(In The Cosmopolitan Magazine)

IT isn't here and now worth while to turn prophet backward, and tell of Democratic pre-convention chances of victory in November. It is enough to say that, whatever they were, the conduct of Mr. Bryan in Baltimore diminished them one-half. Mr. Bryan was at the convention resolved to rule or ruin. He had come to destroy the party, or to make himself its White House nominee. His plan was to bully the convention into accepting him as its candidate. His chances? No one knows better than Mr. Bryan how much easier it is to blow up a bridge than build one, and he relied upon his well-known powers of destruction to force the convention to come his nominational way.

For four years Mr. Bryan has schemed and plotted and intrigued to secure this year's party preference for the Presidency. His candidacy, for obvious reasons, was hidden, not open. It was none the less sleepless. Mr. Bryan said that he was not, would not be, a candidate. That was his chicane. He was all the time a candidate, after the Sabine manner. He was maneuvering to be—apparently—ravished into the nomination.

Mr. Bryan is not without certain elements of vicious strength. They are not graceful, not creditable, and yet, when he chooses to exert them, not wanting in mean effect. Moreover, like every true-born politician, he is politically hard to kill. This latter, however, argues nothing for either his genius or his size. Once upon a time a man owned a superfluous cat. He carried it a mile, tied a stone to its neck with all the care and skill in life, and tossed it with a hopeful splash into the deepest lock of a canal. Sauntering homeward, a sense of duty well performed curling about his heart's roots, the man found the cat on the doorstep drying its fur. And so with Mr. Bryan. Carry him as far as you choose; tie every stone of his misdeeds about his neck; toss him into the deepest waters of disaster and defeat; and, an hour later, there he sits on the party doorstep, ready to rush inside the moment you lift the latch.

Mr. Bryan has been Democracy's superfluous cat since 1896. Three times he has somehow saved himself. That third splash should have spelled the end. It didn't, unfortunately; and while in his evil potentialities he could not make himself its candidate, he still brought with him sufficient strength to Baltimore to more than seriously mar the party prospects. It is to be hoped that he is ended, and that the Bryan blindness has forever departed from men's eyes. Let us trust that he is now at the bottom of

the canal, where he belongs, and that naught more Bryanesque than bubbles will hereafter rise to trouble the surface of Democracy.

Had the Baltimore delegates reviewed and remembered a Bryan past, had they but recalled the man as they must have known and did know him, they would have instantly disregarded him for what he dishonestly was. Take the single matter of the Philo Bennett will; that alone should be enough to damn him in the estimation of all right-thinking men. Mr. Bryan, himself, tells the story in Volume 77 of the Connecticut Supreme Court reports. The title of that litigation is "Bryan's Appeal from Probate." If, after reading it, you can regard Mr. Bryan as one to be either trusted, listened to, or followed, then I should like to sit down with you long enough to get your precise notion of an honest man.

Lest through want of time or energy, or both, you should fail to lay hands on that 77 Conn. Report, let me here give you the facts concerning the Philo Bennett will. It is but one of twenty similar tales that might be told of Mr. Bryan; and yet of itself it should forever fix his disrepute. Also, the relation may serve to keep Mr. Bryan safely beneath those waters of political oblivion to which the sentiment of the Baltimore convention consigned him, and from which—for party as for public good—he should never be recalled. Attend:

There lived in New Haven in 1896 an elderly, moderately rich gentleman named Philo S. Bennett. When Mr. Bryan came swinging round the political circle in the campaign of that year, Mr. Bennett found himself on the New Haven committee which received him. Narrow in his knowledge of men, Mr. Bennett regarded Mr. Bryan as the most godlike personage he had ever met. Mr. Bryan was and is magnetic, and Mr. Bennett, never a thunderbolt of mentality, felt drawn toward him. There was every exterior thing to attract, and nothing to repulse, that natural worshiper of heroes and searcher-out of gods—never seeing their feet of clay—the weak, rich, aged, vacuous Mr. Bennett.

In his sworn testimony before the Connecticut courts, Mr. Bryan told of that meeting with Mr. Bennett, and what immediately grew out of it. Reading between the lines, you may come by some glimpse of the blandishments on one side, the bedazzlements on the other. Mr. Bryan tells of a letter which Mr. Bennett wrote him just before the 1896 election, wherein Mr. Bennett stated that, although the New Haven betting stood three to one against Mr. Bryan, he believed that Mr. Bryan would win. Mr. Bennett added, too, the comforting word that, if Mr. Bryan were beaten, it would give him, Mr. Bennett, pleasure to bestow upon Mr. Bryan $3,000 in March.

Mr. Bryan was beaten.

Mr. Bennett not only sent Mr. Bryan $3,000 in March, but $3,000 each succeeding March until the year 1900. As disclosing what happened to Mr. Bennett between 1896 and 1900, the sworn testimony of Mr. Bryan reads as follows:

> He followed out his suggestion and sent me a check in March of each of the following years for $3,000. Early in 1900, when I visited New York, he met me as he always did. At that time he gave me $500.

During the four years between 1896 and 1900, the Bryan habit grew upon rich, weak Mr. Bennett like ivy on a wall. Early in 1900 Mr. Bennett visited the Bryan home in Lincoln. His infatuation by that time had become complete; the moth was ready for a final singeing.

No one will ever know just what

took place those Lincoln days between the moth and the candle. In the lawsuits which—to the disadvantage of Mr. Bryan—grew out of this ignoble business, it was shown that while a guest (?) at the Bryan house, Mr. Bennett "resolved" to make a will. Whether Mr. Bennett suggested the will, or it came as a blazing hint from Mr. Bryan, will ever remain a mystery. That they talked it over is sure, for Mr. Bryan, to guard against mistake, himself dictated a draft of the will. To make the whole seem the uninfluenced inspiration of Mr. Bennett, the latter was to carry the Bryan-prepared draft to New York, there to be recopied, signed, and executed.

In making the Bennett will-draft, Mr. Bryan employed a member of his own family as typewriter. Why? It was thought best at the time to confine all knowledge of so honorable a transaction to Mr. Bennett and the Bryans, and when you have read the will you'll justify this Bryan modesty. Indeed, the native humility of Mr. Bryan was never more thoroughly evinced. Not only was no one beyond himself and wife and Mr. Bennett to know of the will before the death of the idle, feeble, aged, empty, rich testator, but an important bequest—most important to Mr. Bryan—was not to be known even then to any beyond them save Mrs. Bennett. The latter lady herself was just then living in blissful New Haven ignorance of what moth-and-candle matters were going so cheerfully forward in far-away Nebraska.

The generous Bryan strategy touching the Bennett will, and how it was intended to work out, cannot fail to impress you. And lest I let my restless pencil run away with me in the telling, instead of writing it myself, I shall take the story from a four-years-ago issue of Harper's Weekly. Said that respectable journal, speaking from notes carefully culled from the records of the Connecticut courts:

"The friendship between the men was constantly growing, and reached its climax a few weeks before the beginning of Bryan's second campaign. It was then that Bennett made his last will and testament, in which was a bequest of $50,000 to Mrs. Bennett to be disposed of according to the directions she would find in a sealed letter inclosed in the same safe-deposit box with the will. This letter, signed by Bennett, instructed the widow to give the $50,000 to Bryan in secret. Bennett visited Bryan's home for two days at Lincoln, Nebraska. Bryan drew the will; Mrs. Bryan did the typewriting. Bennett then returned to New York and executed the will, and copied and signed the letters drawn up for him in Nebraska by Bryan.

Bennett was killed in a runaway in the summer of 1903. Not long afterward his last will was presented for probate in the Probate Court at New Haven. By its terms $75,000 was bestowed upon Grace Imogene Bennett, the testator's widow, together with three houses (mortgaged) in Bridgeport, Connecticut; also all paintings, pictures, furniture, jewelry, and bric-a-brac. Also, one-half of the residuary estate. The sum of $75,000 was devised to various relatives, and $9,200 to churches and hospitals.

Bennett bequeathed $20,000 to Bryan in trust, to be divided among twenty-five colleges and universities to give prizes for essays, discussing the principles of free government, and to help poor and deserving boys get an education. To Mrs. Mary Baird Bryan, Bryan's wife, $10,000 was devised in trust to help poor girls get an education.

The twelfth clause of the will was as follows:

"I give and bequeath unto my wife, Grace Imogene Bennett, the sum of

$50,000; in trust, however, for the purposes set forth in a sealed letter which will be found with the will."

Bennett appointed Alfred P. Sloan—his partner in business—and William Jennings Bryan executors of the will, which was executed in New York, May 22, 1900.

With the will, Bryan presented the letter above referred to. It was in an envelope marked: "Mrs. P. S. Bennett:—To be read only by Mrs. Bennett and by her alone, after my death. P. S. Bennett."

In this letter Bennett urged his wife to give the $50,000 to Bryan because: "I consider it a duty, as I find it a pleasure, to make this provision for his financial aid, so that he may be more free to devote himself to his chosen field of labor."

With this letter was one referred to by the court as "the typewritten document," which Bryan drew up in Nebraska and gave to Bennett, who took it back to New York, copied it, and sent it to Bryan as original. It was:

"New York, 5, 22, 1900.

"My Dear Mr. Bryan:

"I enclose a duplicate letter, which I have placed in a sealed envelope, with instructions that it shall be opened by Mrs. Bennett, and read by her alone. I have stated therein the reasons for the provisions made for you, and I sincerely hope you will accept the sum of fifty thousand dollars for yourself. Give ten thousand dollars to your wife, and invest fifteen thousand dollars for the benefit of your three children, giving five thousand to each whenever you think it wise to turn the money over to them. If for any reason you decline to receive the entire sum, or any part thereof, I shall trust you to distribute the same according to your judgment among educational and charitable institutions. "Sincerely yours,

"PHILO S. BENNETT."

On the whole, I'm grateful to Harper's Weekly for having told this story. In so doing, it relieved me of a duty I was but ill qualified to perform. I'm much too emotional for such narratives of adventure, and indubitably would have spoiled it by some over-earnestness of style.

It is not necessary to go back, I think, and point out, in connection with those several Bennett letters, the masterly strategy of Mr. Bryan. Masterly at once and Scriptural, since it so carefully provided for Mr. Bennett's not letting his left hand know what his right had been about. Also, please note that at the time Mr. Bryan was worth two dollars to the Bennetts' one!

Over and above the $12,500 in cash already had, the Bryan fortunes were to have been augmented by $50,000. Mr. Bryan—careful man—took no chances of a possible forgetfulness on the part of Mrs. Bennett, and a consequent failure on her side to hand over that particular $50,000. Lest some such slip occur, Mr. Bryan was so forethoughtful as to have Mr. Bennett transmit him a copy of the letter left for Mrs. Bennett, a letter of which he, Mr. Bryan, was—as he was of all the documents involved—the architect, wherewith to jog her memory should it prove inert.

Now come we to the close.

As should every harrowing recital, this moth-and-candle romaunt possesses a cheerful ending. Mr. Bennett died, as you have seen, and was tucked away under the grass-roots. Then came a profound pause. Mrs. Bennett read the letter marked for "her alone;" but, owning none of her late spouse's moth-like characteristics, and being in no wise bowed down by any hero-worshiping, fifty thousand dollar impression of Mr. Bryan, she refused, in the phrase of Cherry Hill, to "come across" with the money. With that, Mr. Bryan delicately reminded the

reluctant Mrs. Bennett that he had copies of all the letters. She, however, remained discouragingly obdurate; not a splinter of the $50,000 would she give up.

The disappointed Mr. Bryan—who thinks as much of $50,000 as some men do of sun and moon and stars—thereupon went into the Connecticut courts. Harrow and alas! The proverb declares that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. The uncertainty thus registered would seem to subsist no more strongly in the affairs of men than in those of moths and candles. Mr. Bryan went from Probate Court to Superior Court, and from Superior to Supreme. He was beaten in all of them, horse, foot and guns. It was a profound shock to Mr. Bryan. He who had so piously arranged to get $50,000 and nobody know it, got nothing at all and everybody knew it.

Homilies on Early Rising

William Mathews, LL.D.

AMONG the favorite topics of newspaper declamation, there is none upon which certain moralists of the press are fonder of preaching a quarterly homily, than upon the importance of early rising. Of course, the arguments for the practice are the old, hackneyed, stereotyped ones upon which the changes have been rung a thousand times,—"straw that has been threshed a hundred times without wheat," as Carlyle would say. "Early to bed, and early to rise," etc. There is a freshness, a briskness, a sparkling liveliness in the first hours of the day, which all the subsequent ones lack; let it stand but an hour or two, and it is already settled upon its lees; it is stale, flat, and vapid. Again, the early riser seizes the day by the forelock; he drives it, instead of being driven, or rather dragged along, by it. Then, all the great men,—especially those who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and the arts,—were early risers. Homer, Virgil, Horace, among the ancients, and Paley, Priestly, Parkhurst, and Franklin, among the moderns all left their pillows early. Sir Thomas More and Bishops Jewel and Burnet sprang upon their feet at four in the morning. The Great Frederic of Prussia, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and Napoleon, were early risers. "When you begin to turn in bed," said the Duke of Wellington, "it is time to turn out." Jefferson declared at the close of his life, "The sun has not caught me in bed for fifty years."

Did not Sir Walter Scott write all his great novels before breakfast, and was it not in the same early hours that Dr. Albert Barnes penned those Commentaries of which a million volumes have been sold in this country and Europe? Was it not between the hours of five and eight in the morning that John Quincy Adams penned most of his public papers? Was it not in the same three hours that Gibbon wrote his immortal "Decline and Fall," and has not Buffon told us that to the studies of those three hours daily the world is indebted for the noble work which established his fame as the greatest of natural historians? Did not Judge Holt, who was curious concerning longevity, and questioned every old man that came before him, about his modes of living, find that, amid all their different habits, they

agreed in one thing,—they got up betimes? These stale anecdotes, eked out with the old quotation from Thomson,

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

and other passages from the poets in which they try to inveigle people from their beds by singing of the beauty of the dappled morn, the dewy grass, the warbling birds, and preserving a studied silence concerning the rising fog, the chill air, and the raw, underdone feeling of the world generally,—comprise all the arguments which, for half a century, the wit of the early risers has been able to scrape together for the practice.

Now all this may carry great weight with some people with whom an uneasy conscience, an overloaded stomach, or a hard bed, may, like Macbeth, "murder sleep." It is not strange that your old bachelor, who is happy neither in bed nor out,—or your henpecked husband, who dreads a morning curtain lecture,—or your ghostly, pale-faced, dyspeptic student, who fancies that by rising with the lark he is to become a giant in law, medicine, or theoology,—cries up this foolish custom. Making a merit of necessity, they may grow grand and intolerant on the strength of their virtue, and crow like chanticleer over those who can appreciate the luxury of "t'other doze." But those who have no torturing conscience, dyspepsia, or "Damien's bed of steel," to make Alcmena nights for them, are not to be dragged from their warm pillows on such pretences as these. Talk of the healthiness of early rising! Who can believe that such violent changes from the sleeping to the waking state,—from warm to cold,—are beneficial to the system? Why is it, if they are not unnatural, that the poets, refining upon the torments of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies to consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold, from fire to ice? Are they not, at certain revolutions, according to Milton, "haled out of their beds" by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows by whom they are made to

"—feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change
more fierce?"

"But think," we hear some one exclaim, "of the amount of time saved by early rising!" When all other arguments are exhausted, the early riser will call for slate and pencil, and proceed to prove to you by a painful arithmetical calculation that you may add some six or seven years to your life by crawling out of bed at five o'clock instead of seven. Of course, he makes it convenient to forget, in his calculation, the two hours one loses by hurrying to bed that much sooner, in order to humor his foolish eccentricity; as if one should try to lengthen a yard-stick by cutting off a foot from one end and adding it to the other. Admitting that we may add to our days by rising early, is the longest life necessarily the best? Or is it desirable to spin out one's years to three-score and ten, if, to do so, he must cheat himself out of all life's comforts and luxuries,—abjure his morning snooze, "feed on pulse, and nothing wear but frieze?" The lapse of years alone is not life; we should count time by heart-throbs,—by the number of delicious or pleasing sensations.

As to one's growing wealthy by early rising, we leave it to the candle-end-saving economists to say whether it is cheaper to keep one's self warm by coal at ten dollars a ton than between a mattress bed and comforts. Recollect that you wear out no clothes, consume no oil, eat no breakfasts, while you are coquetting with "tired nature's sweet restorer." Then, as to growing wise by early rising,—has not knowledge-seeking been associated, from time immemorial, with the midnight oil? Have

not all the great works of genius which have conferred immortality on their authors, been written while the rest of the world was hushed in slumber,—in the "wee small hours ayant the 'twal?" Is not every elaborate literary production said to smell of the lamp, thus showing that, in the opinion of authors and critics, Apollo has no time to attend to his votaries until he has unharnessed his steeds from the chariot of the sun? Did not Pope's best thoughts come to him, like owls, in the night-time; and did not Swift, according to a contemporary, "lie abed till eleven o'clock, and think of wit for the day?" But, admitting an exception or two to the general rule,—because Sir Walter Scott wrote whole books before breakfast, is anyone foolish enough to flatter himself that he can dash off Waverleys and Ivanhoes simply by striking a light at four in the morning, —*poscente ante diem librum cum lumine?* Boobies and dunces will be boobies and dunces still, though they keep their eyes wide open from January to December. Early rising will no more convert a fool into a wise man, —a commonplace man into a man of genius,—than eating opium will make him a Coleridge or a De Quincey. The examples of Frederic the Great and the Emperor Napoleon may weigh with their admirers; but we believe it would have been far better for humanity if they had loved their pillows. It was only after a desperate and most unnatural struggle that the former triumphed in his youth over the charms of sleep, which he found it harder to resist than in after life to rout the Austrians; and he succeeded only by invoking the assistance of an old domestic whom he charged, on pain of dismissal, to pull him out of bed every morning at two o'clock. As to the poet Thomson's panegyrics on early rising, who usually snored away the whole forenoon in bed, and was so lazy that he used to eat peaches from the trees in his garden with his hands in his waistcoat pocket,—literally browsing, like a giraffe,—our judgment of his counsel is pithily expressed by an American poet, Saxe:

"Thomson, who sang about the Seasons, said
It is a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it,—lying,—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice."

It is very well to "take Time by the forelock;" but what if, in the effort to do so, one exhausts himself too much to hold him? George Eliot, in one of her novels, portrays a thrifty farmer's wife who rose so early in the morning to do her work, that by ten o'clock it was all over, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do with her day. No doubt it is "the early bird that catches the worm;" but, as the pillow-loving boy said to his father, "it is the the early worm that gets caught." Intemperance in early-rising, like every other excess, is sure to bring its penalty along with it. Nature will not be cheated out of her dues, and if they are not paid in season, she will exact them, with compound interest, out of season. It is well known that the early riser often compensates himself for his greeting to the dawn by frequent naps in the afternoon or evening. Josiah Quincy tells us in the "Life" of his father, that the latter rose every morning in winter and summer, for many years, at four o'clock. The effect of this outrage upon Nature was that he was sure to drop to sleep, wherever he was, when his mind was not actively occupied,—sometimes even in company, when the conversation flagged, and always as soon as he took his seat in his gig or sulky, in which he drove to town. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with similar con-

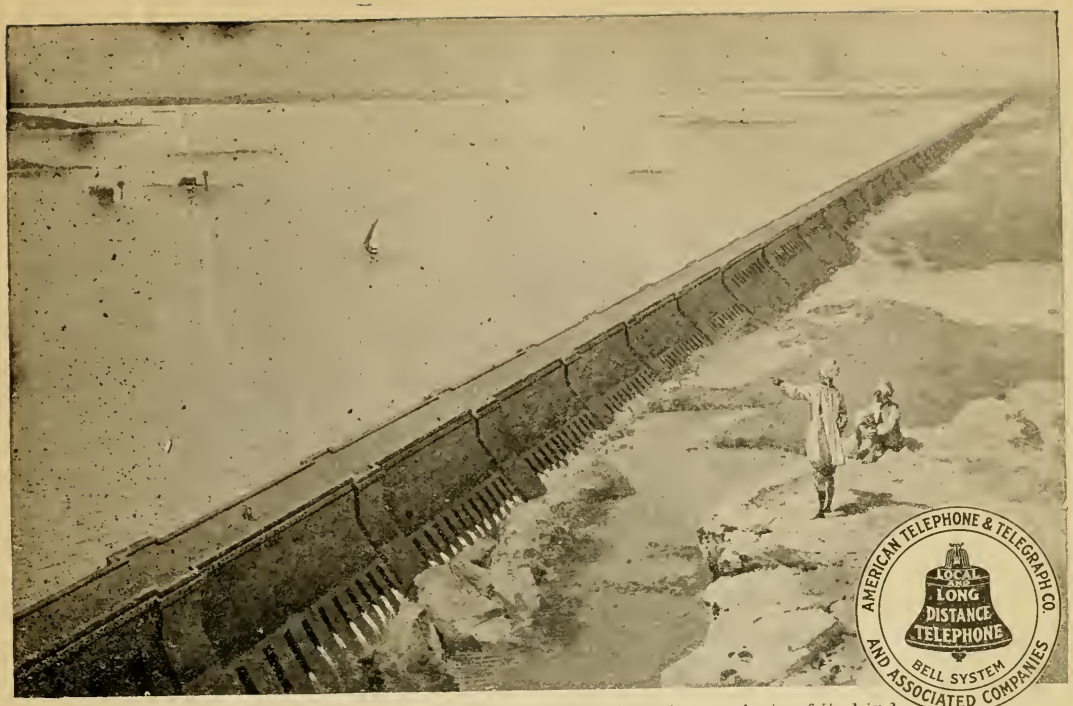
sequences, once accompanied him to the Harvard Law School, to hear Judge Story lecture. "Now, Judge Story," continues the biographer, "did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it,—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two Presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honor on the dais by his side, fronting the class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it, too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising!' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

There is a class of moralists at the present day with whom it is a favorite dogma that no one can ever reach a high degree of goodness except by passing through a certain number of self-imposed trials. It has been justly said of such persons that their whole mind seems wrapt up in the office of polishing up little moral pins and needles, and running them into the most tender parts of their skins. It is chiefly men of this stamp who advocate the heresy of early rising. Were they content to stick pins into themselves, we would leave them to get all the moral discipline that is possible from the practice. But they insist on other persons imitating them; and what is more offensive, they are continually putting on airs on account of their eccentricity. Not content with "shaking hands with himself mentally," and thinking he has done a great thing, the early riser must vaunt himself of his achievements herein. Indeed, there are few things in the way of bragging that will compare with what an English essayist calls "the insulting triumph, the outrageous animation of the man who has dressed by candle-light in the month of December." It is not merely that he speaks of the exploit with a chuckle, or the

> "—sort of satisfaction
> Men feel when they've done a noble action,"

but he looks down upon you who hug your pillow, with an air of superiority, as if you lacked moral backbone, or were a pigmy in virtue.

There is a caustic proverb. "We are all good risers at night," which strikingly shows how unnatural is this practice of getting up early. We have long been puzzled to account for the origin of so disagreeable a practice; but a recent English writer suggests an explanation which is as satisfactory as it is original and ingenious. For those who have to labor in the fields, or to get their living by hunting, there are obvious advantages in making the most of the daylight. Now philosophers have remarked that an instinct, like a physical organ, often survives after its original function has become unimportant. Animals retain rudimentary claws or wings which have become perfectly useless, a legacy from their remote ancestors; a dog still turns himself three times around before he lies down, because his great-great-grandfathers did so in the days when they were wild beasts, roaming amongst the long grass; and every tamed animal preserves for a time certain instincts which were useful to him only in his wild state. The sentiment about early rising is such a traditionary instinct, which has wandered into an era where it is not wanted.



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Books, Old and New

Augustine Birrell

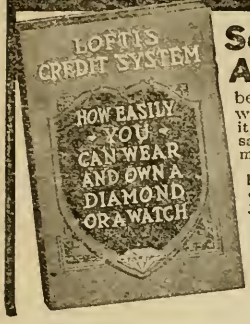
WHEN a century has entered upon its last decade, and draws near the hour which will despatch it to join its too frequently and most unjustly despised predecessor, it is pleasing to note how well it has learnt to play the old man's part. Cocksureness, once the badge of the tribe of critics, is banished to the schoolroom. The hearty hatreds of our early days would ill befit a death-bed. A keen critic has observed what a noisy place England used to be. Everybody cried out loud in the market-place, in the Senate-house, in the Law Courts, in the Reviews and Magazines. In the year 1845 the Times newspaper incurred the heavy and doubtless the just censure of the Oxford Union for its unprincipled tone as shown in its "violent attempts to foment agitation as well by inflammatory articles as by the artifices of correspondents." How different it now is! We all move about as it were in list slippers. Our watchword is "Hush!" Dickens tells us how, at Hone's funeral, Cruikshank, being annoyed at some of the observations of the officiating minister, whispered in Dickens' ear as they both moved to kneel at prayer, "If this wasn't a funeral I would punch his head." It was a commendable restraint. We are now, all of us, exercising it.

A gloomy view is being generally taken of our literary future in the next century. Poetry, it is pretty generally agreed, died with Lord Tennyson, Parliamentary oratory with Mr. Gladstone, and style with Cardinal Newman. Who, it is said, can reflect upon the nineties with any joy or confidence, whose memory can carry him back to the sixties? What days those were that gave us brand-new from the press "Philip" and "The Four Georges," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," "Evan Harrington" and "Rhoda Fleming," "Maud," "The Idylls of the King," and "Dramatis Personæ," Mr. Arnold's New Poems, the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," and "Verses on Various Occasions," four volumes of "Frederick the Great," and "The Origin of Species"! One wonders in the retrospect how human stupidity was proof against such an onslaught of wit, such a shower of golden fancies. Why did not Folly's fortress fall? We know it did not, for it is standing yet. Nor has any particular halo gathered round the sixties—which, indeed, were no better than the fifties or the forties.

From what source, so ask "the frosty pows," are you who call yourselves "jolly candidates" going to get your supplies? Where are your markets? Who will crowd the theatre on your opening nights? What well-graced actors will then cross your stage? Your boys and girls will be well provided for, one can see that. Story-books and hand-books will jostle for supremacy; but your men and women, all a-hungered, how are you going to feed them and keep their tempers sweet? It is not a question of side dishes, but of joints. Sermons and sonnets, and even "clergy-poets," may be counted upon, but they will only affront the appetites they can never satisfy. What will be wanted are Sam Wellers, Captain Costigans, and Jane Eyres—poetry that lives, controversy that bites, speeches that stir the imagination.

But suppose it should turn out to be the fact that we are about to enter upon a period of literary non-productiveness. What then? Centuries cannot be expected to go on repeating the symptoms of their predecessors. We

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT



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have had no Burns. We cannot, therefore, expect to end with the beginnings of a Wadsworth and a Coleridge; there may likely be a lull. The lull may also be a relief. Of all odd crazes, the craze to be forever reading new books is one of the oddest.

Hazlitt may be found grappling with this subject, and, as usual, "punishing" it severely in his own inimitable style. "I hate," says he, in the second volume of "The Plain Speaker"—in the essay entitled "On Reading Old Books"—"to read new books;" and he continues, a page further on, "Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merit of either. One candidate for literary fame who happens to be of our acquaintance writes finely and like a man of genius, but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage; another inspires us with the highest respect for his personal talents and character, but does not come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections."

Hazlitt was no doubt a good hater. We are now of milder mood. It ought not to be difficult for any of us, if we but struggle a little, to keep a man's nose out of his novel. But, for all that, it is certain that true literary sway is borne but by the dead. Living authors may stir and stimulate us, provoke our energies, and excite our sympathy, but it is the dead who rule us from their urns.

Authority has no place in matters concerning books and reading, else it would be well were some proportion fixed between the claims of living and dead authors.

There is no sillier affectation than that of the old-worldism. To moon about Sir Thomas Browne and know nothing of William Cobbett is foolish. To turn your back upon your own time is simply to provoke living wags, with rudimentary but effective humour, to chalk opprobrious epithets upon your person. But, on the other hand, to depend upon your contemporaries for literary sustenance, to be reduced to scan the lists of "Forthcoming Works" with a hungry eye, to complain of a dearth of new poems, is worse than affectation—it is stupidity.

There was a time when old books were hard to procure and difficult to house. With the exception of a few of the greatest, it required as much courage to explore the domains of our old authors as it did to visit Wast Water or Loch Maree before the era of roads and railways. The first step was to turn the folios into octavos, and

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to publish complete editions; the second was to cheapen the price of issue. The first cheap booksellers were, it is sometimes alleged, men of questionable character in their trade. Yet their names should be cherished. They made many young lives happy, and fostered better taste than either or both the Universities. Hogg, Cooke, Millar, Donaldson, Bell, even Tegg, the "extraneous Tegg" of Carlyle's famous Parliamentary petition, did good work in their day. Somehow or another the family libraries of the respectable booksellers hung fire. They did not find their way about. Perhaps their authors were selected with too much care.

"He wales a portion with judicious care."

The pious Cottar did well, but the world is larger than the family; besides which it is not always "Saturday Night." Cooke had no scruples. He published "Tom Jones" in fortnightly, and (I think) sixpenny parts, embellished with cuts, and after the same appetising fashion proceeded right through the "British Novelists." He did the same with the "British Poets." It was a noble enterprise. You never see on a stall one of Cooke's books but it is soiled by honest usage, its odour (beyond Russia, as Charles Lamb says), speaks of the thousand thumbs that have turned over its pages with delight. Cooke made an immense fortune, and deserved to do so. He believed both in genius and his country. He gave the people cheap books, and they bought them gladly. He died at an advanced age in 1810. Perhaps when he came to do so he was glad he had published a series of "Sacred Classics," as well as "Tom Jones."

We are now living in an age of handsome reprints. It is possible to publish a good-sized book on good paper and sell it at a profit for fifty or seventy-five cents. But of course to do this, as the profit is too small to bear division, you must get the Authors out of the way. Our admirable copyright laws and their own sedentary habits do this on the whole satisfactorily and in due course. Consequently dead authors are amazingly cheap. Not merely Shakespeare and Milton, Bunyan and Burns, but Scott and Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens. Living authors are deadly dear. You may buy twenty books by dead men at the price of one work by a living man. The odds are fearful. For my part, I hope a *modus vivendi* may be established between the publishers of the dead and those of the living; but when you examine the contents of the "Camelot Classics," the "Carisbrooke Library," the "Chandos Classics," the "Canterbury Poets," the "Mermaid Series of the Old Dramatists," and remember, or try to remember, the publishing lists of Messrs. Routledge, Mr. Black, Mr. Warne, and Messrs. Cassell, it is easy for the reader to snap his fingers at Fate. It cannot touch him—he can dine for many a

day. Even were our "lyrical cry" to be stifled for half a century, what with Mr. Bullen's "Elizabethan Lyrics," and "More Elizabethan Lyrics," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists," and "Lyrics from the Romances," and Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," "a man," as Mr. Markham observes in "David Copperfield," "might get on very well here," even though that man were, as Markham asserted himself to be, "hungry all day long." A British poet does not cease to be a poet because he is dead, nor is he, for that matter, any the better a poet for being alive.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright. The Neal Pub. Co., New York.

A melancholy interest attaches to this little volume.

It gives a brief biography of every officer who served under the Stars and Bars, as Brigadier, Lieutenant-General, or General.

It also gives the names of the civil officers of the Confederacy.

Such a work cannot fail to fill a place hitherto vacant.

Yet I cannot but be surprised that the compiler did not exercise diligence enough to ascertain the date of the death of Georgia General Henry L. Benning, who was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia at the time he died.

Similar information is lacking as to Judge Martin J. Crawford, one of the Confederate Commissioners sent by the Confederate Government to Washington to negotiate peace—especially the peaceable restoration to South Carolina of her own property, Fort Sumter.

Judge Crawford was on the Supreme bench of Georgia when he died.

It should have been easy to have learned the date of the decease of so prominent a Georgian as Judge A. R. Wright.

This book gives the names of the Congressmen who represented Arizona, the Cherokee Nation, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles in the Confederate Congress.

I, for one, was ignorant of the fact that Arizona Territory was with the South in that crisis.

Let me suggest to the publishers that, in the next edition, they have General Wright give a short history of the Confederate Navy; with brief sketches of the naval officers.

The biographical notice of General Albert Pike shows that he was living in Washington City in 1891.

Would to heaven I had known it, then. He certainly would have received a call from a young Congressman who admired him ardently.

It will be remembered by the Old Vets that General Pike commanded a body of Indians on the Confederate side.

He wrote some exquisite poetry, which will live as long as English literature does.

He is said to have been a Mason of the highest rank. T. E. W.

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I do not know of any book which gives you Asia up-to-date so satisfactorily as does this one—"Where Half the World is Waking Up." T. E. W.

HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN. By Ivan Trepoff. The Cosmopolitan Press, New York.

There is a very strong fascination in this book.

While it purports to be fiction, the picture of metropolitan affairs and people is extremely realistic.

I venture to say that practically every character in the story is taken from life. Hersey and Bessam are typical Wall Street financiers, jovial, cynical, epicurian, ruthless.

The friendship which unites these two powerful men, in spite of the brutal rudeness with which they speak to each other, might seem strange to those who do not know that the case is psychologically true.

Dickens tells of two drivers of the old English coach, who were such devoted friends that when one of them died the other soon grieved himself to death.

Yet the only demonstration they ever made, was, that when their coaches passed on the highway, each driver would turn out his thumb, by way of salute.

The author introduces into his story a typical Tammany man, who runs a gin-mill and is deep in politics. It is through him that the financiers work their franchise-grabbing schemes.

The young man, Stratford, who goes in for reform, might be almost any one of those who have tried it, in New York. Like all the others, he found the task unmanageable.

The prosecuting attorney, Hunter, might be William Travers Jerome, who was a bitter disappointment to those who put faith in him.

How such public officials are controlled by the financiers, through such men as Cosgrove, the gin-mill politician, is well described.

The pathetic figure in the story is Mildred Fuller, the beautiful stenographer who went wrong, but who fell in love with Stratford, became his good angel, and then killed herself when he told her that he must put her out of his life.

Then he waits awhile, and weds Eminent Respectability, in the person of Bessam's daughter.

The book is full of the comedy and tragedy of city life—one of the very best of the recent novels. T. E. W.

MAYA; A DRAMA IN VERSE. William Dudley Foulke. The Cosmopolitan Press, New York.

Mr. Foulke is an author of diversified talents and range from prose to dramatic verse.

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Mr. Foulke is evidently a close student of the ancient Americans of the Southern portion of the Continent, and "Maya" ranks well with his other works. A. L. L.

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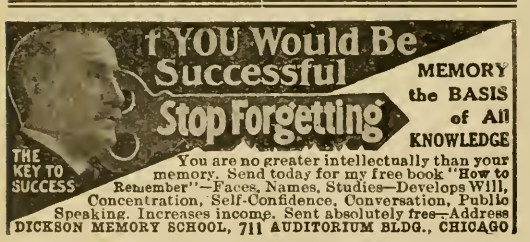

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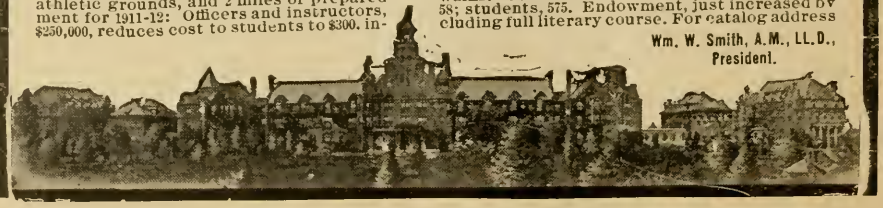

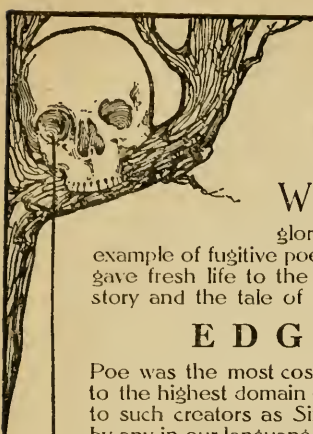

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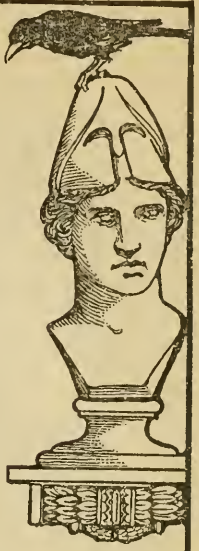

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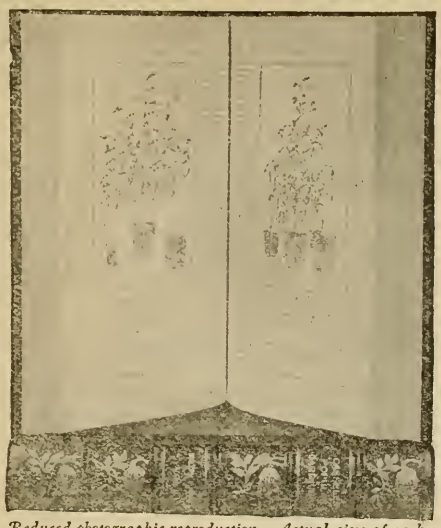

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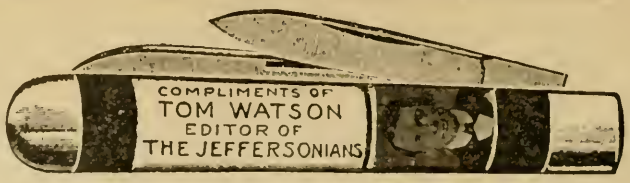

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